

Running with the FLQ By Brian Moore
The great railway caper By Pierre Berton
How John Eaton and Louis Rasminsky stay ahead

SEPTEMBER 1971

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



35¢

Maclean's

WHAT'S A
GUY LIKE ME,
AN AMERICAN
EXPERT ON AN
AMERICAN
GAME, DOING
ON THE COVER
OF CANADA'S
NATIONAL
MAGAZINE?



Because, Sam Etcheverry, you're as Canadian as apple pie

A large, woven wicker picnic basket sits on a grassy bank next to a calm lake. The basket is overflowing with fresh fruit, including a large watermelon, several peaches, and a bottle of MAUFRE wine. The wine bottle is dark with a red label that features the brand name 'MAUFRE' and the words 'VINO D'ITALIA'. The background shows a serene landscape with a body of water, distant trees, and a small bridge or structure in the distance. The overall scene conveys a sense of relaxation and outdoor enjoyment.

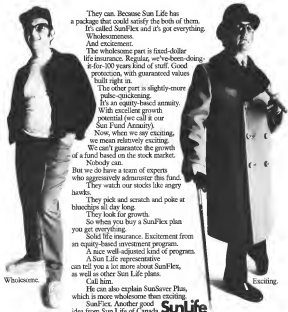


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COVER PHOTO: HUGO BOON

THE VIEW FROM HERE BY PETER C. NEWMAN

A case argued before Mr. Justice André Robitaille of the Quebec Superior Court in Montreal recently appeared to be so unimportant that the newspapers didn't even bother to report it. Yet the judge's verdict, and especially the basis for his decision, was a great deal about the present state of Canadian politics. It was a lawsuit involving Young and Rubicam Ltd., the local branch of the New York advertising firm, which had been retained by the Quebec Conservatives during the 1968 federal election campaign. Even though the Tories managed to win only four out of 74 seats, the party ran up a \$70,000 bill, which by last winter it was still unable to pay, leaving Young and Rubicam to sue for their money.

In his decision, the judge ruled against the advertising agency on the grounds that somewhere in the province it would not sue the Conservative Party in Quebec because, legally, no such political party exists. (It was a major irony of the proceedings that the Tory lawyer arguing this case was Michael Meighen, grandson of one of the party's great leaders.) In the rest of the country, the party still does exist of course, but outside of Prince Albert and Winnipeg, that's about all it does do exist. Political parties, when they're in opposition, enjoy a double burden of responsibility. They must mobilize resentment against those in power by oppositional criticism, and their legislative proposals and, at the same time, they must act as a believable alternative government that not only is prepared to use the means of authority but appears to be prepared to do so. As Dallas Camp, an expert on these things, has noted: "The party system cannot function, much less one parliament when the conditions of the alternative is of doubtful viability."

His four years since Robert Stanfield was chosen national leader of the Conservative Party. He has fervently demonstrated his integrity and his good intentions but he has never managed to appear to be anything more than a Nova Scotia Tory — a mere ally in the political mainstream swimming out there in currents beyond his depth. He has been woefully ineffective in his attempts to construct the kind of left-wing party structure that will help those who want to involve themselves in Conservative politics to climb to positions of influence.

Young Conservatives across the country longed for a state of apathy, vaguely talking about the need to "skip a generation" — they grew up — before the Conservatives can hope to regain power. Meanwhile, their leader — an unassuming half-unit posted on his lips at that time, stretched look that has become his trademark — appears to be doing little more than grasping after Pierre Trudeau's elusive chair. Unable to assert his own political reputation, Robert Stanfield is turning into a megalomaniac and Willy Loran has lost his territory. And Canada is becoming a country that has only one national political party. ■

ROBERT
STANFIELD:
THE
LEADER
WHO
WOULDN'T
BE

THE VIEW FROM OTTAWA BY KILDARE DOBBS

I was used to the plastic walls of Air Canada, the economy-class aisle in my ribs. This was different. Nothing had prepared me for the respectful welcome of the Department of Transport, the Vincent capitaine four-engine handshakes, the ceremonial honours of what looked like a firing-dress uniform. Here was an air carrier, not a morning in Ottawa, about to take off on a government plane for a day of the Lakered.

I got my feet up and thought about it. I was a consultant, my contract assured me, not a servant of Her Majesty. The distinction was important to me. Consultants are defined as guys from out of town. I might be in Ottawa, but of it I was not. I was to find the secrets of power with the knives of an outsider, to pry into its mysteries with the impudent eyes of a tourist. A writer hired by the Secretary of State to work on a paper about citizenship, I too would become a mystery, not only to colleagues who couldn't figure out my status but to my bewildered staff. Simply because I had signed this contract I could never quite understand by what alchemy the words rattling loose inside my head became conversations, the moments I wrote them down. But that was what happened. A few strokes of the borrowed ballpoint and presto! I was spinning state secrets out of my own minds.

By the time the Minister arrived on board with his car of advisors, I had come around to the view that all this rhetoric was only what I deserved.

Declining to thank him at the heels of the Minister, I found that stroke of his glory was clinging to me. Lakered legends strove to use it if it would rub off. Bearded young radicals, convinced they were at last confronting the Establishment, met me with cheers. A girl, deeply appalled, looked through her eyelashes and murmured, "Forgive me for not knowing... but who are you?"

I told her I was with the CIA.

I target, now, why we made that flying trip to Thunder Bay. What stays with me is the fantastic scene of federal grandeur.

Back in Ottawa, the position with regard to the, ah, nature of my anticipated duties and, ah, activities was indicated to me in broad outline in plain words. I found out what my job was. No pecking assignment, either. What it amounted to was saving the country five days a week for a fee! With time out, naturally, for coffee, lunchtime — and coffee again. At first I was overcome. What the fate of Canada really falls into my report and thinking hands like that? I knew we were in bad shape, what with inflation, unemployment, apoplexy. Yet this took over this like looked like depression, this was really saving the nation!

Well, I am not without plagues of irony, the sour taste

of humility is not unknown to me. And yet — and yet — in a surprisingly short time I got used to the idea. My country needed me. Why not? Come, after all, had been served by the cooking of the sacred goose.

I soon found that there wasn't much else to do in Ottawa but save the country. Almost everyone I met was saving it every day. True, I felt more at ease with those who seemed to be holding down nice jobs with pensions. But even they, from time to time, would murmur shyly about the salaries they felt in, well, *reflexive* things, making things happen.

It came to me that simply to be given the trappings of power, a government post, say, would be exchangeable proof that the power was real. Make me an archbishop, I thought, and that fact alone will convince me of the existence of God and the bells of hell go up a large flag for you and not for me. No wonder so many bureaucrats wear their hats. Greater concern, naturally in the capital. Here are the promised heroes of Parliament and Peace Treaty, the stuffed coats of the National Gallery and the stuffed shirts of Rideau Hall, the museum that look like any form, the Arts Centre that looks like a real one. Here is, like the shiny, self-righteous of a fashionably dressed star, the shiny, shiny puddles, portfolios, tangles of overheard words. But the grandest? Canadian chowmen, at moments of stress, let fly with frontier words. Here nothing under four syllables will do. Watching a spectacular fire one night (the Little Theatre was burning down) I heard a stage-coach on its belly slithering up the sidewalk, exclaim, "Look at that *combustion*!"

Seen after that, I met Beaver, a young theologian who, with a formal education, had been hired by the Privy Council to rethink the whole basis of western civilization. Moses, Socrates, Jesus and the rest of them, it seemed, had got an off on the wrong foot. They ended up wrong. I was impressed. What would come of it, I wondered, would there be a document of some kind, a report? Beaver, confused, completely without irony, "I guess hell and myself will be the most important products."

Like Washington, Ottawa has an inimitable hunger for Great Thoughts.

Not just the advice of experts and social scientists, considered vital to the running of an advanced and complex society. Economists, sociologists, anthropologists, geographers, political scientists arrive, frantically with importance, by every phase of the techno-structure, they have for years been adapted at the power grids, more political than the businessmen — themselves more political than the politicians.

But these sleep-deprived geeks, with their contempt for subjugation, are not perceivers of Great Thoughts. For those Ottawa must draw on the wisdom of homestead signs.

Marshall McLuhan is on call. Norbert Frye, one of this year's Modern prize-winners, has been in demand. Pheasant and herons are consulted. Books filled with wise, rambling prophecies of doom or salvation — like Alice Toff's *Future Shock* and Charles A. Bevil's *The Gunning of America* — are eagerly sought for ideas, phrases, homewords. The Toronto Globe and Mail, trade paper of deputy ministers, is clipped and Xeroxed. Then the pages are scanned. And everything under.

I continued on page 6

Kildare Dobbs is now book critic for the Toronto Daily Star

To the Woman Who is Wondering Whether or Not She is Pregnant

There is probably not one woman in the world who has not missed a period at least once in her life. Sometimes it is an occasion for joy. Sometimes it is not. But it is always a cause of concern, or wondering... whether or not.

Now you can find out! Whether or not quickly and easily with Predictor, a new test for the hormone of pregnancy that you can do by yourself at home in private. In minutes.

Just What is a "Pregnancy Test"?

When conception occurs, the body secretes a hormone, HCG, the so-called hormone of pregnancy. This hormone plays an important part in protecting the developing embryo. It prevents menstruation and thus prevents the embryo from being flushed out. A pregnancy test is a test for the presence of this hormone.

Predictor, the result of years of research, is just such a test. Predictor is simple and easy to do. You can test yourself in minutes. You see the results in two hours. And Predictor is accurate. It has been tested in homes, tested in laboratories, and tested clinically.

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In many cases, a pregnancy test will be accurate four days after the last day of a missed period. For greater accuracy, however, you would do better to wait ten days. For example, if your period was due on the last day of the month, wait until the tenth day of the month before doing the test.

You Can Test Yourself Quickly and Easily with Predictor.

Use simply one's couple of drops of urine and some water in some children's or small cup. You shake the tube and stand it up in its holder.

Then you go about your day while the test results develop in the tube. Return in two hours, and you can read the results instantly.

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Go to your doctor for an examination and advice on pre-natal care. He will tell you what drugs to avoid, what diet to follow, what precautions to take. Early enough care can even help prevent possible birth defects.

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predictor®

Every woman has the right to know whether or not she is pregnant

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Excerpt from page 4 of the submitted essay, paper shown as held to the unknown gods of the future.

An odd superstition, this hang-up on Great Thoughts. The democratic position is, by nature, anti-bureaucratic. Its basic major turn was into water, like pouring into lower seas, flasks into rivers. What has graduates to do with a form of government that rests on basic emptiness? More than 150 years ago the great French thinker Alexis de Tocqueville had a great thought about his homeland. "In democratic circumstances," he wrote in his *Democracy in America*, "each citizen is habitually engaged in the contemplation of a very gaily object, namely himself. . . . When he has been drawn out of his own sphere, therefore, he always expects that some amazing object will be offered to his attention."

I had an uncomfortable feeling that what was expected of me was King Kluge's *Transparencies*.

Certainly the arguments were splendid enough — at first anyway. A big corner office with oak furniture, thick carpet and the title of the previous occupant on the door. *Director de Bureau*, it began by saying. A French-Canadian administrator, his exorbitant talents assigned to permanent duty, wanted to know my words. Typewriter, I told him. The look of disgust deepened to disgust. Without a girl to operate it? That was going to be difficult. That was a tough one.

"I'm not ready for a secretary."

We wrangled politely. At last he conceded the typewriter, promised to accept a research assistant. I had no idea what to do with one of those, but I could see that without one I'd be dead. After what kind of research? Female, I allowed. And beautiful. A sexy word was my reward; or maybe a spasm of indignation. This, friend, was what we all wanted. I settled for a Japanese-Canadian youth, who fed me books from the library and sat and ragged about his native province.

Many days later the typewriter arrived. And almost immediately I was cut out from my corner office, banished to a makeshift cub behind a door that said *Analysis*.

Here I practiced my solitary trade. No longer a director, I had thrown away my big chance to build an empire. But I could still learn from the director. I had a book, so I consulted it, not exactly written that there was useful work for a writer to do. Forget the Great Elegance — what was needed around here was *discreet*.

Conversely, I now saw, was carried on largely with words. By the words spoken in Parliament, the letters of formal communications of bureaucrats and informally over lunch in the Rotunda Club or the Cercle Universitaire, over hotel fish at Murray's or per se in the Chinese Lounge, over Kodakfilm dinner invites, over drinks on the back steps, at the conferring of medals and knighthoods, and over the words, words and never words written for public services in ornate hand-penned paragraphs: minutes, minutes, letters, orders, background papers, reports, telegrams, communications, press releases, brochures, position papers, submissions to Cabinet and Treasury Board. The sheer volume of words generated by the unrelenting state of government suggested the imagination.

The senior officials I met, in and out of office hours, charming and cultivated men, were unmistakably word-masters, great dictators of papers, better writers, phrase-masters. They delighted in literary puzzles, puns, tongue twisters, dirty lexicographs, lists of typos, correction jokes, semantic oddities, fine distinctions: *vital* verse, *notions*, *epigrams*, *aphorisms*, *paradoxes*, *metaphors*, *synonyms*, *double meanings*, figures of speech, obscure classical allusions and ripe bilingual wit. Hardly a man among them but would have been writing a book if only he had not so many other more urgent things to pry into. Nothing, I found, was more pleasant to do than the sweet agonies of composition. A government document did not begin to take shape before it had gone

through 15 or 20 drafts. And everyone who saw it felt obliged to add some clever touch of his own, some shy shade of meaning, some clever stroke of thought or diction. They would not let it go till they had poured from it the last pearls and drops of *bureaucratic sense*.

Kenneth went further troubled by the fact that the word men, the true Ottawa mandarins who thought gently and left the hottest hot-bates and one with a glowing kind, now in retreat before the hordes of swarming bureaucrats, the unlettered schoolies in such new policy-lazy disciplines in management science, communication systems analysis. For years, mandarins had been in the habit of getting rid of nervous underlings by sending them on sociology course. These new postgrads had come from, appearing to court. They were well-educated, aptly educated, well-read, well and cowboy hats and boots. Every man of them owned a drawerful of white shirts he dared not be seen in. And they brought with them their own disarming approach to language.

For the bureaucrats, words were mechanical units, so many standard parts could be given fixed meanings, and then paired together to convey messages. Their language clanked and whined, all noise and science and no sense. They were freaked out by the computer. They thought, quite wrongly as it happened, that it resembled the human brain. So they taught Ottawa a whole new word list. Computer terms to save it the trouble of thinking. Input. Output. Feedback. Programming.

Mandarins and bureaucrats between them, I found, had managed to poison the wells of communication. It had come to the point where they no longer could understand one another, let alone expect the Canadian people they served to understand.

With superficial caution, they put up a smoke screen of security, steadily stamping everything on their desks *TOP SECRET*, *TOP SECRET*, *CONFIDENTIAL*. As if anybody could. Not only were these documents accessible, many of them, on close inspection, proved accessible. Many of them, in close inspection, proved accessible.

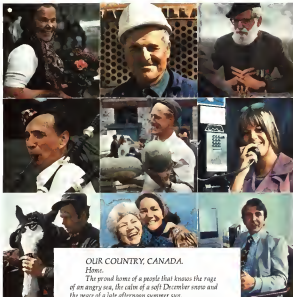
Far out was the bureaucracy's test, for there he might, in one eye! For always and everywhere power lay on the desk. The real power in Ottawa, I decided, was not the people, not the Establishment, not the politicians, not even the media — but the power of *barbaric* words. And this, for the first time, I perceived, spoke with a double tongue.

Not that bilingualism was necessarily the devil's work. Bilingualism meant Canada to reject it was to reject Canada. I could see that meant other than too. It meant jobs for French Canadians. It meant that anyone who particularly wanted to talk to was away on a language course. It meant, for at least one English Canadian who had been certified bilingual, that he would never speak French again.

"This document," I wrote one morning in pencil in the top of a piece of ruled foolscap, "is *not* *available* or *not* *available* or *not* *available*." And then, after a sip and a bout of pretty serious thinking, "CONFIDENTIAL." I signed it with a sense of extravagance. Already I had gotten away from me, already it was neither my own nor yours. So why was I doing this, what was it for me? Money, yes. Bread and butter and comfort for my dependents, a welcome sprinkling for the precious bank balance. Fine! Sublimation. The so-called sensitive document would have no first person, no subject, no author. Love of women? I had to be out of my mind! But there was something else, yes, a warm feeling of working with friends, so that together we could play our parts, however small, in the common life of the nation, a sense of duty.

Holy Cow! I thought. If a power trip before I know it I'll be coordinating my report, outlining in broad detail, dictating a wide range of feedback problems.

It was time to quit. ■



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*Jim Doyle of Sandy Hook, Manitoba is one of the province's 1,942 TransCanada shareholders. An active young family man, Jim is a good example of the kind of Canadians who are investing in Canada's future through the Pipeline.



TransCanada PipeLines

THE VIEW FROM U.S.O.F.A. BY TOM BUTSON

A white Datsun, driving through sections of the city's east side, is careful to keep its car doors locked and to avoid stopping for traffic lights. He is afraid. And his fear, shared in most other major cities across the country, is the most publicized category of fear in America today.

But it is not the only kind, not perhaps the most important kind.

Another which has gathered its share of headlines is the new middle-class fear of drugs. Even President Nixon has felt it, although in recent weeks the Nixon political entourage told him that concern for narcotics abuse, particularly among Vietnam veterans, can be a double-edged weapon: it is one thing to warn of the peril young Americans face in Vietnam on account of heroin, but it is another to deal with the waste of their lower-middle-class parents, whose their sons are accused of being addicts. For these people it's a case of, "You can't say terrible things like that about my Johnny!"

Fear of drugs is, of course, not the only fear generated by the Vietnam question. The overriding anxiety is that there is no end to the war in the south. America, once that nation of conservative America exemplified by Governor Ronald Reagan, has lost its taste for stabilizing the Communists. They went out, and any sort of withdrawal is all right so long as it doesn't look too much like a loss. The disclosure made by the celebrated Pentagon papers have increased this feeling, not that anyone read the great wads of copyprint pressed in the New York Times, the Washington Post and the other lesser journals. All that America read, as the polls show, were the headlines. Now, rightly or wrongly they know for sure what is their hearts they felt all along: they weren't being told the whole truth about why as many of their sons were dying in Indochina. And while they now feel vaguely reassured about what happened in the past, they are surely unsure, and therefore fearful, about the future. Even President Nixon's hopes to Peking does not reassure them.

For the new business with the Mao Tse-tung regime has federal army forces that might seem absurd to Henry Kissinger and the other officials who have helped make the policy switch. Dr. Kissinger, once described as "the finest 19th-century mind in Washington," advocates an elegant participation in power politics and carefully balanced spheres of interest that, in this third year of the Nixon regime, has produced plenty of flowers. But despite Dr. Kissinger's secret trust in China, much of America reacts the way an Irish-born Brooklyn philosopher reacted the other day when asked about the Peking journey. The discussion encountered some difficulties, the philosopher had never heard of Clote En-

ba and had only a vague idea that Mao Tse-tung was some sort of Chinese general. But he was certain on one point: if America got too friendly with the Chinese, then the Russians would get the idea of it. "Three Communists make like the Chinese," he said in a comment that damned Marx's claim to being the one true lord of Marx.

On a more sophisticated level, global politics are generating a new kind of uneasiness over the future of Asia, an uneasiness that appears closely related to the recent Nixon initiatives. As Prime Minister Indira remarked on his own Asian tour, the most powerful economic power in Asia today is Japan. The uneasiness follows from the supposition that in some future point is time the emergent nation of Japan's political, as opposed to the more common attitude of the military men, might lead the fate of the many now so openly assumed a renewed imperialistic posture, especially if the United States retreats into an isolationist shell, as it shows some signs of doing.

All these fears have the smell of doomday about them. Along with the nuclear fear, with all those nukes and hydrogen bombs lying about and flying about there is always the chance of a nuclear disaster, the fear of the gas is never far from the American subconscious.

But perhaps even more importantly, much of the country today is worried about money. The long-lasting spell of inflation, the collapse of gas prices, the loss of control and the wobbly performance of the cooling lighter, rock, plus a host of other money quakes have all contributed to the revival of depression talk in America. Some of the experts, notably that Canadian-scented voice in the on-airing wilderness, John Kenneth Galbraith, have added to the talk of the bottom falling out of the American barrel. And all this has led the Americans to act strangely like Canadians: their traditional attitude that a bank made a bank to be spent has changed in the last few months. Now they seem to believe that a bank earned a bank to be socked away. Thus the economic statistics show just to quote an example that time deposits at all commercial banks jumped more than 25%, from \$134 billion at the end of 1969 to nearly \$150 billion this May.

The reluctance to spend has in fact proved to be Mr. Nixon's biggest economic headache. Coupled with the wage demands that have continued to fuel the fires of inflation, it has generated an economic impact of major dimensions whose efforts are felt all across the land.

All this sounds as if the United States is about to topple over the abyss into the vale of despair. And it is true that some of the threat has gone off. Confident Americans. Even eating in America seems unsure. There is a feeling that if the new fish doesn't get paid the industry scale will hit. But it would be an entirely mistaken impression to say that America is going the way of Rome and Nero and Tyr.

This is said the most powerful nation on earth, entirely, economically and militarily. And if Canadians are having their troubles with the war, two categories of power, they can be grateful at least for the third. ■

Tom Butson is an assistant editor at the New York Times.

THE
SMELL
OF
FEAR
HANGS
OVER THE
LAND



Henry Kissinger



For some reason I got the urge to write to you. This is the first time I've actually read what I really wanted to do. Other times, like when I wanted to write to Elton Freney, I chickened out and besides what I'd want to read a long boring letter, especially when to busy people tend to be so busy. You're probably ready to take this letter, compile it up, and throw it away. Oh, well, go right ahead; this is only for my own personal satisfaction.

Here's how it all happened. I got up this morning, quite tired and on the couch in the living room. There on the magazine rack I saw *Maclean's* magazine and I thought I might as well risk through it again. The first time was Wednesday when we received it, through the mail. I came home, Wednesday night, from picking strawberries and I saw the magazine on the kitchen table. I sat myself down, grabbed it, and ran through it, only looking at the pictures and skimming through the headlines. It came to a story about the book *Sepp* and I was curious. I wanted to know what Catherine Brellin meant by that, so I started reading. There was another reason though — something written about the story later on. I think I saw a line of the book because it's a short, sensitive and straightforward book. It reaches the hearts of many, young and old. I know of *Mayra* this was not the way the book *Sepp* was written. It's a real up-to-date book but that's the way it is. I'm happy people like it and like that! After reading the book and wiping off my tears it made me think and for some reason I felt as if I knew Jenny and Oliver personally. It's the best book I ever read and so I'm I've been looking for for a long time. It's something everyone wants to read. A simple everyday story. Not too complicated and deep and not something you have to look further beyond to get the meaning of.

Well anyway, back to what I was

saying before. After reading the first couple of paragraphs, I wanted to know more about Mr. Sepp. Since he was being set up into little pieces I read and read and, believe it or not, I finished the first article over. Suddenly I read the first paragraph of my magazine or newspaper article, but this time I finished it right through and I was interested at myself. While reading I sympathized with poor Mr. Sepp. My impression is that he is mixed up and doesn't realize what he's afraid to say anything. (This is right around my age and yet it might be right. No one knows how the public will react and therefore you have to be really what you're saying, especially a popular guy like myself. The reason the article was interesting was not because he was being 'set up' and I wanted to hear it. No, it was because the author, Catherine Brellin wrote it. The honest to goodness truth. She wrote what she felt and didn't hide anything, whether good or bad. She told us everything that happened and explained her own feelings, mostly a dislike for Mr. Sepp.)

Oh, well. She has a right to say anything if someone she interviewed him she or he wouldn't thought differently of him. The picture of him in *Maclean's* makes him look like a happy-go-lucky guy, but it seems like he's trying very hard to hide something, for the public's sake. He's dealing, or trying to even though he doesn't feel like stating. Heck a man that wants to be what he is, he's not going to let others want him to be. I know that if I were him I'd tell everyone to try off and let me lead my own life and stay out of my own private world. It's his business when he takes holidays and what he wants to do. For anything else about his social life. He's like everybody else an individual. Well, there's my beef.

You know it really surprised me to find out that the person is really that nice. I know one thing, and that is that I'd never like to be an actress or anyone famous. I'm happy now with simple pleasures, leading an everyday life with my family and friends. Going through the ups and downs of everyday life, even though I think more is greater. I do like small successes, but when you don't, and I do take failures, but they're small compared to *Erich Segal's* or anybody else's. (I probably know people who have been to take small disappointments every once in a while, but once you're famous they get larger and it takes more out of a person to accept it or than.

Right now I might not be making news in you but I'm not going to go professor or anything, but I have feelings of my own like everyone else

Well, thanks for letting me hear you and I hope there is more for me in the wastepaper basket, and if there is I'll feel happy and say to myself, "Well, you did it. World's a go. Thanks."
—NORINA FIDYKOW, CHATHAM, ONT.

The PhD invasion

In the Class of '77, a National Report (June) Barbra Pinn pointed a significant aspect of the current academic employment crisis in Canada: the increasingly accelerating influx of U.S. scholars into this country. In fact, she informed us, the number of European bachelors, there is hardly a surplus of Canadian PhDs, but almost every vacancy in that field here results in more than 100 applications — at 95 per cent of which are from U.S. academics. While British Columbia has no limitations on their entry into Canada, they are even granted a two-year (tax-free) holiday; the junior Canadian scholar is virtually barred against such employment in the United States. Due both to the nation's immigration restrictions, applicable to Canadians, and the acute academic employment crisis experienced south of the border (which seems to be even worse than that in Canada).

I say all this on the basis of personal experience. A vacancy in Russian and East European history recently occurred at both Emory College (University of Toronto) and the University of British Columbia. The U.S. citizen was hired notwithstanding the availability of qualified Canadian scholars.

SEE K 2 COTTAGE, PABLO MILLO, ONT.

★ The statements of the six graduate students who published intrigued me particularly those of Catherine Black. The problem with Catherine Black's so-called "U.S. facts" is really that — is that it fails to take into account that this is the 20th century, the age of technology. You cannot remain in the dark. Certainly the simple virtues of love, kindness, dignity, etc., have to be recognized in this system. But the actual system is not going to disappear even if it is ignored. Black thinks that within the system it is impossible to work meaningful changes, or to live a full life, simply because you are trapped in it. It's okay to be trapped. But it isn't possible for 20 million people to remain to sustain, by himself, says that had it hard to come by.

We have a system by which large numbers of people can live and work together, and it is up to us to humanize that system. The problem of re-

sources, of consciousness, of pollution etc. are controlled by that system, and must be worked out from within it. Yes, we do have to return to personal values, but that does not mean that political vested interests, most organic systems are not and cannot make a contribution. To say this is to ignore the facts.

One of Black's last statements — "that the future property needs will be defined by themselves, but by others" — illustrates the vagueness of her position. In the society he rejects, the mass media, advertising and various social controls already play a large role in defining the needs of the individual. What he merely asserts here his set of values for another?

SEE J. FIDYKOW, CHATHAM, ONT.

Stamp it Canadian

The essential reason why so much of Canada is of foreign ownership is that Canadians prefer to invest abroad rather than in Canada itself as the American government has announced that it will not allow investment in the United States. But both to the nation's immigration restrictions, applicable to Canadians, and the acute academic employment crisis experienced south of the border (which seems to be even worse than that in Canada).

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SEE K 2 COTTAGE, PABLO MILLO, ONT.

Back to the Calendar

Because we have been so impressed with your outstanding coverage and misrepresentation of in-Canada travel in recent editions, I regret having to point out that there were inaccuracies in your *Back To The Country* columns. I regret that your misrepresentation of your information from the Canadian Government Travel Bureau's Canada

Events, which goes to press very early in the year. At the time of its completion, many dates were still tentative and later changed.
JENNIE WICK, NOVA SCOTIA TRAVEL BUREAU

The shy ladies

Elizabeth Cullinan — Your View (July) — appears to attract with the members of the Royal Commission on the Status of Women some unhelpfulness with the fact that there is only one woman member in the House of Commons.

His one was quarrel with the idea of starting at the top, the very risk of you can do it. Most people have to start under the better of the ladder. In our town there has been only one woman appointed for Town Council in the past 25 years. She was elected. I can't recall even one woman offering her services on the Municipal Council in the same period. Usually, but not always, one of the women members of the School Board is a woman. The situation seems to be much the same in other towns and cities. Very few women will run for office. Women's Lib advocates will likely suggest in a case "male chauvinism" — whereas that it happened in men. I suggest the real reason is simply lack of interest.

Membership on town and rural councils and school boards, besides being a useful public service, is an excellent training ground for public office at a higher level. It involves hard work, sacrifice of time and acceptance of a great deal of criticism. I don't think women for pressing this up, but do think it a little bit of a lack of lack of women in MPs in these circumstances.

JOHN R. JACKSON, PEPPER CORSE, ALTA.

Baby, you were right

Congratulations for presenting your July issue a most interesting publication, and particularly the article on Eric Kierans.

The leading impression of this article, coupled with what is being otherwise reported, is that Trudeau may become the Father of de-Confederation. Quebec don't want Canada, the other half of Canada (English) don't want Quebec. It is really only a province. Let us allow Quebec a referendum on confederation if they want it. We can repeat Mr. Kierans' statement on de-Confederation. Cabinet decisions. "There is the name of God are we debating here?"
D. S. HARRIS, KAMLOOGRUB, ONT.

★ Mr. Baby, if Eric Gold made a story to see you go, *Wasc* would be sorry to see you go. The Liberal Cabinet. Now an independent Canada will appreciate greatly further down the American economic doghouse. Wish you had stayed for the nightingale, or do you have something more positive in mind than noted thinking, writing and speechifying? I hear that Walter Gordon is still running to go.
JANET L. MILLER, SHERBROOK, QUEBEC

★ I came to Canada in the early part of World War II, where I passed the *Wasc*. I must say that I was treated openly and kindly. I love the Canadian people since then they seem to spend more time hating the U.S. of A. for all their troubles than they do trying to solve them. I've realized now of a flood of small children. Canadians are a tough and hearty race with the exception, most of their problems could be solved as stated by Kierans in his article.

THOMAS J. FORD, BOWELL, NEW BRUNSWICK

Count 'em again

No it isn't, say your census man — Family Affairs (July) — is wrong. My income for 1971 is \$1,560, not \$3,000.

In the Times I brought letter to the hon. member for 15 cents net 20. And I traded in three-cent coins for one-cent coins at three cents a pound net 15.
JOHN GROSSMAN, HURLEY, ONT.

Little Big Guy

Re: *Don Gwyn's Last Stand* (July), \$16,000 for a red nose and \$300,000 for a white? Paradoxically, the producers of *Little Big Man* in exposing the daughter of the Indian in the 19th century, still heralds the sword of Custer in the 10th.
D. SCOTT / 2 AME, OTTAWA

Black is bad?

I am convinced about the Blackness of *Maclean's* I have bought it for many years to keep abreast of government affairs. Red and black are destructive colors — red denotes anger and danger, black denotes anger and death and all the negative emotions. I have forced in the people and the nation, if there could be less of those colors. The *June* magazine was to black. We all need to do everything possible to keep America strong and pure and independent. There are people who will follow as to take up the battle.
MRS. M. W. CUMMINS, BRISTOL, MASS.

ivity and evil. They were nearctic, even the best of them, with an ineradicable penchant for cruelty. The reasons they offered one another for its display and acceptance varied from place to place.

Roses are red
violets are blue
and poets write with brooms
in the rue

Roses are red
violets are blue
and poets write with brooms
in the dust





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CHEZ US

LETTER TO THE EDITOR: To whom it may concern, I have been informed by the CPT that my truck is illegal and that I must on the gravel roads of the Hudson River. I wish to apologize for my inconvenience (the bus cannot and to assist the cost please) that in future I will endeavor to travel the better of road with all of my wheels at least six wheels (6x6) AMONG THE SERVICE OF THE GREAT! W. A. Papp.

CHURCHILL TIMES JOURNAL, Lethbridge, ON.

ONION — "No more robbers allowed on my property..." said the ad in the weekly journal. The ad was placed by Lillian Hudson, whose family has had a small grocery in the New East River for over 100 years.

Mr. Hudson said people have been dropping in the area of the grove, apparently because of an unfriendly rumor that security is being there. Mr. Hudson said there is no money in the grove and that he is being paid to keep more people in the area to dig. CHURCHILL HERALD, Lethbridge.

DO YOU HEAR THAT everyone wants more than just? Mr. Joe Jones is in while looking the people that out from her hand outside her law office that once the week very happy to sit. Head credits. For somebody they won't bother to dig up to her handout party unless she offers them money.

NANING DAILY FREE PRESS
Nanaimo, BC

SPRINKLES — Cambridge County MLA Raymond Smith says the provincial highways department is likely to bring him to the desk. At the same time, he says, Highway Minister Gordon Brown has given a new meaning to the idea of the word "sprinkle."

The idea is the lifting of a new highway interchange on the outskirts of Toronto.

Mr. Smith said that during a previous period in the legislature he was to assist the highways minister whether the new Sprinkles interchange would be lifted. At that time Mr. Brown replied that "interchange lifting" would be lifted.

Now Mr. Smith knows what it means. The interchange is lifted by four steel light standards.

But they have no bulbs.
CHURCHILL HERALD, Lethbridge.

Readers are invited to submit press stories that other news might not mention. The deadline for stories is 10:00 a.m. (local time). Stories should be sent to: The Editor, CHURCHILL HERALD, 1000 St. James St. W., Lethbridge, Alberta, T1K 1A1. All stories must be accompanied by a return address. Stories will be published as soon as possible.

"INSIDE MACHINERY" IS ON PAGE 68



**The longer
the cigarette
the smoother
the smoke.**

Benson & Hedges 100's.
Now milder than ever and still
the same price as ordinary kings.
Filter or menthol.





Light drinkers are coming back for seconds.

Light drinkers are turning out to be loyal drinkers—and Triple Crown is the reason.

It's the rye that's light and smooth enough to bring them back.

Try it once and you'll try it again.

Triple Crown is distilled by Gilbey.



Triple Crown.

Canadian Whisky

ONE HUNDRED HOURS ONDES RÉCOLLETS STREET

When time ran out the French Canadian lay dead and the Englishman went free.
It was business as usual.

BY BRIAN MOORE

From his new, non-fiction novel

Profoundly, that Bow Tower of Quebec, could not have the steel and steel about the streets of French Montreal in his grey grave pallor and leave his city laid out changed. Look into these streets. Elsewhere the window designer's commercial that may have transformed store windows into factories where poor and old are merely mentioned. But in store into the windows of these streets is to see into the lives of the French poor who hang there all in black, all in grey, all in old-fashioned. There are plastic flowers and common vulgarities and shiny between sales and strangely leached music cuts of cheap jobs: Made Gendreau. It is a street where the barbarians have lost their's. Claviers and all in the display window beside the piano — Woodstock — all two years' change. It is a street of People's Credit Jewellers, and Bagues de Mariage et Principales, it is a Caisse Populaire bank on the corner, and the one building which has cut, statue, and some sense of progress. Under it, you can be certain, called The Church of the Sacred Cross, or Passion, or St. John Baptist. The food stores are crowded with cheap necessities, with specials on beer and ground chuck. There are restaurants, they sell pizza and Chinese Chinese Shrimp and Lee Hanchong, everything cooked in this special doghouse language which results when French Canadian finally become from the English or the American. And, above all, there are the special pleasures of this harsh land: cheap wooden leather seats, shoes and all boots, selling out at half and fourth hand. Toy stores with windows filled with cardboard games and plastic dolls, all of them cheap to simply old-fashioned that it is a shock to realize that the only place in a street is a street of the supreme Concrete. The top is made in Japan, the United States and England, but when becomes an American or English child can only be playing with these plastic playthings?

Above all, these streets are family, weddings, funerals, confirmation dinners, birthdays, anniversaries, birthdays, non-birthdays ends. There is no sign of the rat (fish of other life) as old-time middle classmen live in doorways or back in comfort under their more-rich parents. Don't you, but surely it is something about this life, it is cheapness, always cheapness: it is the object of beauty, the paradox of those people living for the blessing of which generations of French Canadians were told by their clergy to give thanks to God, but by their rules, Dauphins, Tardiviers, Godwin — yes, told by their, their own politicians, to be proud for the beauty brought down by the poor in power.

All of them accepted their lives, accepted this mean little life down here in the shadow of the mountain, below the big English mansions, accepted this white-night show, the mean winter existence.

The man who kidnapped Jeanne (Jaguar) Cross would not be this discovery of cheap life was accepted the human anatomy of these young men's eyes. Forty percent of Canada's unemployed live in Quebec, a vast province, almost twice as big as Texas, but still, in population, providing only one quarter of the country's total labor force. The great majority of these unemployed are French. Half of them are less than 25 years old.

He was a Mountie. Those big boy snouts in secret faces chugging around Victoria Square Garden at their Massed.

Made were something else. Horus to him was heroin, and in the drug world when they said, "Mountain coming," it was time to get a transfer to another division. It had happened to him after four years and two big cases. Now they'd moved him back to Montreal where he was born, to C. Devaux, as a constable, first class. He was French Canadian, married and 27 years old. He was five feet nine inches tall, but looking taller. He was proud of the fact that he could hit a man with his hands. For this job he dressed accordingly with his hair long, but, if you asked him, hippies snuck, they were "unadvisedly," which meant some type of Canadian.

Combined Anti-Terrorist Squad he called this outfit, which was a laugh when you think those Montreal cops didn't even address the RCMP when they called that apartment in Queen Mary Road and the men who got away. It was about him. It was moved to his undercover squads: the difference between the RCMP and these local boys was Cadillac and Ford's LTD, cooperation was the good word now. He was a stoic. The commissioner made the rules.

He and his partner had been on this case since the week before Cross disappeared. The inspector put them onto the Jacques Lanctôt connection. They went at it like family histories — interviews, interviews. Seeking out who was related to who and who knew who on the chequerboard. They knew from the start that Lanctôt had a young wife, Suzanne, and that she was seven or eight months in the family way and that she wasn't around any more. And that she had a kid, Boris, 18 months old, who also wasn't around.

Then they scored a casual remark by a certain person led to a woman who was babysitting with a kid full time and who knew the Lanctôts. He and his partner kept away for it all up a staircase. On the second day she came out with the kid and she called the kid Boris? Three days later she

Illustration by Suzanne, from the novel

crossed the lot up and took it to the park, to a place she hadn't been before. A pretty and pregnant girl showed up, played with the ball, kissed it and hugged it. When the girl left, she took possession of the baby-sitter and the kid. His partner went after the baby-sitter. He followed the girl.

She went to an East End apartment where some happy chicks lived. Stayed three days, and then, on the third afternoon, went back to the park. The baby-sitter showed up with the kid and he said his partner had a chance to say hello to the girls. When they left the park, they split as before. He went after the girl.

This time she took the subway up to Montreal North, then went away, by bus. He followed her to an apartment building on Des Rosières Street. There were three apartments in the two-story building. He didn't see which one she went into.

It was a quiet street, dangerous for his kind of work, a place where the neighbors noticed strangers. He called the sergeant at 22:30 hours and a relief came for the night. The girl stayed inside at night. Next morning, the sergeant saw the two girls enter and told them to stay with it. Trained men, but kind of stupid, guys who could walk and not be seen, who could ask questions without asking them, if you know what I mean.

He was in charge. After a couple of days he went to Des Rosières to report. Told Donovan there was an older couple with a couple of young children living in one of the top-floor apartments. The guy was a school-entrance guard. They saw him out every morning with a stop sign under his arm. The other top-floor tenants weren't straight, too. The man had a federal job.

The friends in the big downtown apartment were surprising also. They had moved in two months ago; a neighbor said there were three young men and a girl, semi-dirty types. No, the girl wasn't pregnant. The landlord said they paid their rent on time, were very quiet. A man and wife, he said. He thought he had seen a pregnant girl there once but after they moved in, when he went up to see the building one night, he saw a lady housewife light a cigarette.

The two guys had a car. Kids who lived on a street always knew about things like that. They had an old beat-up Chevrolet, some kind of greyish color used to be parked outside of the house. The little kids didn't seem to be the couple's child. Which made sense. If they had kids, in their, in their, in their world, he said, he was in the garage, in case they had to get him out in a hurry.

There were other things to report. The hours at 10:45 did not work at regular jobs. They went out at odd times — late evening, early morning, usually to get food and always, to his disappointment, without looking, wearing fraudulent addresses, went out several times to make phone calls. Another couple bought food and newspapers, a young couple who looked as if they might be making it with each other.

On November 26, the sergeant sent for him. Told him that St. Pierre, the Quebec Provincial Police boss, had just had a meeting with the RCMP assistant commissioner, in charge of C Division. There was no more people to tell on this lead, the RCMP had been authorized to bring in 12 more surveillance men from Ottawa. "So there you are," the sergeant said. "They find out one's a suspect."

The sergeant sent the inspector. The inspector said they'd need a room opposite the building. "We're in luck," the inspector said. It seemed that living next door was a guy who was an instructor at St. Vincent des Paul Parochial. He had been asked for cooperation. It was gone.

That evening he and his team moved into an upstairs

bedroom in the gentleman's employee's house, across the street from the suspects. They had walk-in-closets, more and still more, and a perfect view of the suspect apartment. Anything was to be out there, all he had to do was get on the phone and a man from the new Ottawa district would follow them. That afternoon two of them went out and only one came back. Lucette's wife left at 10:10 carrying a small suitcase. She went to the first apartment building where she stayed when he first lured her himself. Staying all night.

The other one who went out that afternoon took off at 10:35. He was the young guy who usually went shopping with the other chick. When he went out he was lured by a man from the Ottawa district.

"Why can't I go with you?" she asked. "Come-Trade!, when they called C-1, did not answer. 'Well, why can't I?' 'B-because it's risky,' he said in an awkward stammer. 'So,' his wife replied, 'I'm more likely to go alone than you than let me like a rat in a trap with Cram!' I don't understand your logic."

"Good-bye," he said. "Take care of yourself. Try to have a lot of sex."

She did not answer. He went into the kitchen. Jacques Lucette and Marc went into the living room, sitting and ready to go. The floor of them had spent the afternoon making the tape. They had sat around the tape recorder, talking, taking notes, careful not to say anything which would get away where they were, or who they were, or independent efforts.

Jacques Lucette was slender, handsome, but did not look noticed. He was a midsize and might be taken for one. Marc Carbonneau was a small man. The two men were describing him as being only five feet five inches tall and weighing 145 pounds. He habitually wore cheap, short-sleeved, open-necked sport shirts. Band-aid sweaters, department store business suits and black turtlenecks with his first test. He had a mustache, was taller now, in an effort to camouflage the revolutionary class of the more honest Carbonneaux. But Marc was still the last man on Ark Testament, the police officer who was in a crowd. He was a short, order cook, perhaps, or a waiter. They had him the tape back then, listening to their own voices disarming against the system, explaining why they kidnapped Cram, saying that Westphale gave all the orders to Trudeau and had forbidden him to do anything but to go to the police. It worked it was possible; it was what happened when you got worked like Lucette and Marc in front of a mike. It seemed like a three-tiered political stamp speech.

By trying that to Lucette and Marc. They wanted him to give the tape to Alan, a contact who could run off another copy. One was to be taken tonight to Quebec-Pierre, one to the weekly magazine *Choe*. They hoped that with a price like this — the true voices of the Cram kidnapers — the tabloids and radio stations wouldn't be able to resist using it despite the ban imposed by the government. "Unless we get our message to the public eye, we could as well bring Cram back," the sergeant said. "The only way to get an indication of a television talk show was going to do it. He thought that.

Like Marc and Jacques, C-1 had been the media buff of the first three, free times. But he was different. C-1 was a college type, he liked discussing the "mass media" and rating Trudeau as a television performer. Jacques frowned

the difference between the two. C-1, he thought, is that when I went to that place when they had the guitars that coffee-house club. I put on my best clothes, my best suit. I put on the blue shirt and a daisy, dirty shirt, he plays at being poor; jeans and a dirty shirt, those are working clothes for me.

Jacques Lucette headed C-1 the package. "Remember," he said. "Tell Alan we'll place tomorrow so we can be able to deliver in extra time."

"Right."

When he went into the hall, she was waiting. "Why can't you let me come with you?"

"Because I'm going to a tavern. No women allowed."

The new tip was from the Montreal Police Department to the RCMP sergeant was skeptical. The Montreal police were so hungry for glory, he couldn't see them giving a real lead to another force. Still, cooperation was the word. As they said, the commissioner made the rules, not him. For three days they had been following it. It was supposed to have connections with Lucette's sister and her husband, a guy called Cram-Trade. One suspect led to another. It could go on forever. In a dark like this, while you weren't dealing with ordinary criminals, who knew what to do? It thought, just when he was thinking about turning in a negative report, suddenly something clicked. One of his surveillance men phoned at 22:30. "I have a problem," he said. "I'm in the Boomerang Tavern with my suspect and he's not someone. I heard them talk about getting a message to Quebec-Pierre. Do you want to put a tail on the new contact?"

"What does he look like?" the sergeant asked.

"The possible gave a description. 'A black windbreaker.' The suspect said. 'And he has side boots.' He's on a minute."

He checked his notes. He felt like he had seen a very big hand at poker. "Okay," he said. "Here look. Call me in 15 minutes."

The surveillance man from Des Rosières Street had phoned 10 minutes earlier. His suspect was in the Boomerang Tavern. The suspect was wearing a black windbreaker and suede shoes. The suspect turned to another kid, wearing a black leather jacket. He thought, now I know who the guy is.

When C-1 returned to Des Rosières that evening he reported that Alan had not only made an extra tape but that both were to be delivered to the officials.

"We've got to wait till Sunday," he said. "Alan said the daily newspapers are scared to print anything."

"What about radio then Alan thinks they might broadcast?" Jacques Lucette asked.

"Not a chance."

"I don't see why not."

"They'd lose their license," C-1 said. "They're a capitalistic enterprise, Jacques. Don't forget the only reason they go on publicly is to sell advertising."

Next morning the telephone rang in the observation post. It was the sergeant.

"Send a man down to the checkpoint," he said. "We've got something for you. We found the fellows who worked on that building you're watching. He gave us the name of the address. Now we've got a floor plan."

Sunday, November 29. "Well," Jacques Lucette said, as Yves Lacombe came in. He was sitting working on the

living room, his left foot jiggling in an autonomous way, as though he had some sort of involuntary tic-tac-toe.

"No. Nothing."

"Here you are. Quebec-Pierre. Clear. All the other Sundays. And the New York Times and Toronto Star Nothing."

"Maybe," Jacques called. "Come in here, will you?"

More came in. "Nothing in the papers," he said.

"Correct."

"That means there won't be anything on television or radio."

"Okay, what are we going to do?" Jacques Lucette said. He foot jiggled. His nose was lighter than normal. "Trudeau's cut off any chance we had of reaching the people of Quebec, he's radicalized the situation by bringing in these new measures. These troops, it's feasible, it's allowing all opposition, and I'll tell you you're doing it because he's afraid. He's afraid because we've already had a lot of our manifesto on television, that was our victory, speaking into the homes of the ordinary people, their way he's afraid these intellectuals and union leaders, Robert Lussier, people like that."

He stepped out of breath. Alan looked at Yves.

"Yves, look, yes. Yves said. 'You're right. But as you said, the point is what are we going to do?'"

When the inspector arrived at Division, the first click told him the southeast corner was already in the street. The inspector's car would be there very minute, it had already left. Several headquarters on Portneuf Street. On his way up to his office, the inspector saw four or five. Several inspectors hanging about, middle-aged men, overweight, in olive-green parka uniforms, all consciously pulling on and off their black-leather dress gloves. Most of them were old-fashioned political opposites from the Duponts and the Levesques. The Frenchman in Quebec, in this, the building was foreign territory and the Mounties the Opposites.

When the chief inspector arrived, the inspector was waiting. They went into the chief inspector's office. The inspector remembered last night's tool-up.

"Yes, I don't know anything or other," the chief inspector said. "What is the story?"

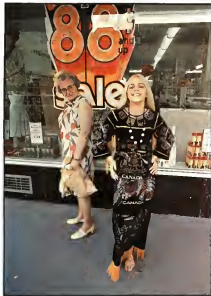
The inspector explained. Tuesday afternoon, December 1, he was, in the observation post across the street, saw a Montreal North Police Department cruiser drive up and stop outside the suspect building. Two constables jumped out of the car and went into the apartment of the school-entrance guard which an RCMP surveillance man had taken over the day before. Neighbors had spotted the men and his wife and, realizing they were not the normal constables, phoned the local police. The Montreal North Police Department, knowing nothing of the situation, sent the second car to investigate. The RCMP constable had to show his identification and ask the police to leave quietly.

"And what about the suspect?" the chief inspector asked.

"There was no reaction. We don't even know if they saw the signal car."

"At present," the chief inspector said. "I just came back from 35th Street headquarters. Our assistant commissioner was there with me. We've had a top-level meeting with St. Pierre of the 35th and St. Armand of the Montreal Department. The assistant commissioner has proposed a strategy and, I'm glad to say, St. Pierre and St. Armand have accepted it."

"I see, sir."



FIVE AND DIME CHIC

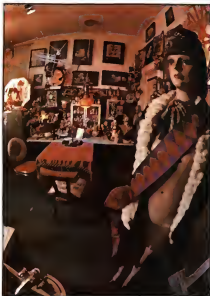
Shed no tears for the passing of slick Jackie O'neal in context with her little queen of luxury Kodak? Baby will continue to find celebration in rums far from Medicine Hat. The question is: do we care anymore? For every idea whose time has passed another comes to take its place. Consider the girl's costume show. It's fashioned entirely from stuff bought at Woolworth's. The dress is made of silver sequined pillow slips, the necklace is a Cartier's bracelet which supports the focus of methinks (25 cents), the bracelet is Harro Mountain get older with optional ball (50 cents). For every Dior is decline there is a kid on the street seeking original fashions. For their clothes have become an opportunity to project the most private of styles. Their clothes are their personal, public-address systems. As Charles Reich says, "Consumers raise existential questions for the person wearing them." Could be. But for such reasons five-and-dime shoppers at the lady in the background they raise other kinds of questions.

Photo © Michael Ondaatje, 1975



COUNTER CUISINE

If you are what you eat, Frances Drew was not a hot-beef sandwich with mashed and gravy. She may very well have been a *fillet de bœuf à la gasconne* and that shows you how times have changed. In the sentence of youth culture *fillet de bœuf* might be a great name for a pet hamster, but a pretty okay thing to eat. Every style has its implicit rules. Stick could not have existed without support from the rich. Baked pork was not amazing. Now (power to the people, etc.) pork is okay. It is especially okay when it is a middle-class attitude rather than a lower-class reality. The rule is, food must be not only cheap but good. The people (coldsmen, Ronnie Hawkins, etc.) go to the Tape Restaurant in Toronto because it is open 24 hours a day, you don't need reservations and the food is not good. Fan-owner Phil Feder (above) will sell you the meal he stands behind for \$2.75. The tip is up to you. If you are what you eat, then Mr. Feder is a hot-beef sandwich with mashed and gravy. Power to Mr. Feder!



CRIPPLED COLONIAL

This is where Gerald McMaster, a Toronto artist, and his friend Brian Fleming, a model, sit down for breakfast each morning. It is the kitchen of their Spadina district flat and is designed to drive an interior decorator mad. There is no room in the slick world (except maybe in the attic of the country house) for junk. Ever since California artist Ed Kienholz used things other people threw away to make art objects, junk has had an increasing vogue among young people. Many a pit in the bag community is decorated by furnishings found in garbage cans and recycled objects from such funky institutions as the Salvation Army and Crippled Children. As one officer of the Salvation Army put it: "A lot of young people buy our furniture because they don't mind it being old. Older people prefer something newer. It's the older people who are ashamed to admit they shop at the Salvation Army." Salvation is all in the eye of the beholder. So, Power to Weak, won't Mr. Power to Mr. Power? And Power to the Silly Aesthete?

Nineteen and the early 1960s. It was the evolution of the jazz age, it was the inorganic marriage of American consciousness with European aristocratic indifference, it was cold society killing real society, the coming of a time of mercy—any if you were talented and socially acceptable, like Richard Rodgers, say, you could be an important part of the world of slick but if you were talented and a shade decent, like Frank Sinatra, you couldn't. But slick didn't really become the prevailing sensibility in North American life until the Fifties when it had bled into a lot of metropolitan cities and affluence allowed it to blanket the urban and suburban reaches of the continent. It probably achieved its peak at the end of that decade when the Kennedys got to the White House. (The slickest thing anybody ever saw may very well have been Jackie Kennedy on the night before Inauguration, dressed by Oleg Cassin. On her way to the Inaugural Gala in a light-colored moment, as recorded by Arthur Schlesinger. Remember. It all begins in the cold. . . .)

Which brings us to a corner centrally — that you could be slick and liberal at the same time. (Though you couldn't, of course, be slick and poor. Slick, after all, was finally rooted in money.) In truth, liberalism was a slick philosophy; it had a set of rules, an acceptable terminology that allowed its adherents to reiterate each other, it was acclimating to the fearful and it had very little to do with what was actually going on.

But all this is too solemn. I turn slick into pseudo-sociology, a way it never was. Perhaps slick is best defined in terms of the things that actually were slick.

Slick was wearing strapless red velvet and a diamond necklace or black silk and three strands of pearls and knowing you looked really right.

Slick was saying things like "be faithful, mate."

Slick was driving obviously expensive cars like Lucinas and Cadillacs without feeling in the least embarrassed.

Slick was Vogue under the editorship of Diana Vreeland, which stood as the slick ideal and was widely and imperfectly copied.

Slick was engorged on pearls, pearl earrings. Five and ten lighted pointed on with a head, alligator bags, blinks on dancers and believing Ralph Bunche was the ideal Negro.

Slick was spike heels, pompadour shirts and baggy trousers like Dennis Leigh and Mikhelson, who were photographed sneaking and unimpeachable in fur in front of large houses with circular drives.

Slick was calling the women "the flukes" and saying actually you preferred "going to the theatre" and quoting old aphorisms. Iose Sorensen's Mithras in his hand. They were Truth ("You can't expect marriage to be anything if it were, the law wouldn't protect it and the church wouldn't usually do.")

Slick was listening to Cole Porter being played on a piano in a cocktail bar on a hotel rooftop in the early evening in October.

Slick was never saying your grandfather came to Canada straight with an immigrant tag pinned on his coat. In Canada, the world of social slick and showbiz slick never, ever ended — nobody could stop at Princess Drive talking to Joyce Danderson, though Ralph Bunche did a masterful job of introducing the howlown society slick to slick people of all stripes abroad.

Slick was being impressed by the descriptions, "She always looks as though she just stepped out of a bonfire."

Slick for men was an aging colored slick after five o'clock and after appearing in made shows in town in case you might be mistaken for an actor or for someone who worked for the CBC.

Slick was sex without sweat, as with Gregory Peck

and Audrey Hepburn in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Slick was knowing and caring that champagne should be served in tulip flutes.

Slick was an ad for face powder that featured a woman in a bath in a gold swimsuit (pewds by Carter, the outline really) that said to attract you, too, can be a picture of look like one. And Grace Kelly really did become the Princess of Slick though Jackie Kennedy was later its Queen.

Slick was pretending you often ate *foie gras* if it is poisonous and that you liked *œufs en gelée* better than a soaked Wiener with ketchup.

Slick was owning a designer's signature skirt, always wearing white for tennis, paying \$400 for a copy of a Paris original and taking holidays in Greece before Elmer's Club and the Columbia got there.

Slick started out as a synonym with slandering in Harlem in the Twenties and ended up twice with Black Panthers in Leonard Bernstein's living room.

On that last point, it might even be argued that a study of the factors that have come together to kill slick would define it for better negatively than anyone ever could define it positively. During the last five or ten years, slick has been wrung from within and without. For one thing, it became so accessible through magazine articles and how-to books (the women from Scandinavia, and even Forest Hill and West Vancouver, could understand it perfectly and actually it was usually). As a result, the avant-garde of slick was forced more and more to go elsewhere — "good" taste for camp taste or pop taste and into trying to take over the self-consciously lampoon proletarian consciousness of the very young — anarchists that were really so alien to slick they couldn't be encompassed. (People who believe slick can survive are still trying to do this, they were selling big dreams in the old expensive club New York starts this summer for \$115 for a shirt and jacket.)

For more important to slick's demise, though, was that the young stopped believing in it and started saying things like "Let it be." Slick never let anything be, and started realizing that it was wrong to go around ad-mourning it about the ghosts while wearing a Misabocher, that it was right to want to look like yourself instead of some embarrassingly perfect beautiful Person, that had taste could be good even if it meant *Apocryphal* taste. In brief, the young robbed slick of an essential response-ivity.

This is not to say, of course, that there aren't a few ghosts of slick around. The Nineteen are the prototypes of the kind of people who've taken over slick and reborn it in a house. (Travis Caples's ruffled ball in the Plaza was the last great slick event: done with a certain wit and campy gusto that Tina Turner's wedding, which was obviously meant to be slick, by its entire public appeal of all these dead-end principles turned into a piece of pure camp slick. The married nature of slick showed up in the repertoire of that wedding. Only the near total of the established newspapers and magazines even attempted to treat it seriously. The non-established press ridiculed itself in joyful giggling, as with *Rolling Stone*, which titled its report, *The Making Of The President's Daughter*.) It may not be that poor Tracy will be winning out in history as a terrible example of the generation that falls between the two constitutions of slick and new-slick. To be truly slick, you almost had to have been born before World War II. To be truly, unashamedly non-slick you have to have been born after 1950.

One last definition. Slick in its latter days was dignified by writers who took a subject of sociologic complexity and turned it into a magazine article of glib generality. Like the one ■



THE ETCHEVERRY- MILITARY- ATHLETIC COMPLEX

The Chiefs of Staff of the Alouettes are (from left to right) J. I. Albrecht, Sam Berger, Sam Etchevery and Red O'Quinn

BY HUGH HOOD

It's his eyes. Paul Gaudry, the PR man for the Alouettes, says "That's how Sam gets you. He needs his own language. To hear him speak, you wouldn't know he's second. But his eyes hold you. I see this all the time around the office, with the girls on the staff, with visitors. You watch, it's the eyes."

Later in the week I'm watching a TV interview with the second-ranked Bob McDevitt, a sportsman on Channel Six, is talking to him. My wife comes into the recreation room, stands up behind me and says, "He has terrific eyes."

They are small but penetrating, thoughtful, concentrated. Sam Etchevery looks different in the flesh from what you'd expect. Bigger. His hair is shiny black like this country is surprising. He isn't tanned or nearly as a man who plays or coaches in all weathers might be. Fair skin, the very black hair, really, only seems short in contrast to those big bluish-brown McDevitt says, "At the beginning, Sam was tough to interview. He's better now."

A man from the Montreal Gazette says, "Sam is very smart."

Here he is on Channel Six talking to McDevitt, still not liking the interview situation very much, his head leaning to one side, seeming to sip, answering in complete, thought-out sentences. Sam is a cultivated man, doesn't hem and haw, answers what you ask him. I note that he answers all questions directly and with relevance, not holding back. He finishes his sentences, giving such a man with. On TV in black and white his eyes are arrested, his voice is clear, his diction precise and good for broadcast. Traces of a southwestern drawl, an occasional "Ah've" for "I've."

At the Astorade the administrative

offices are clumped together in a little stands at the main eastern entrance to the stadium, tucked up under the Bonaventure Expressway, heavy traffic so winning past overhead. I. I. Albrecht, director of player personnel, Red O'Quinn, general manager, and the publicity people have space here — not the most convenient office space in the world either, all the rooms are criss-crossed deep because of the design of the stadium.

Sam's office is some distance away, down in under the stands along a curving tunnel like a bunker in a World War II movie. The walls are painted in the cheerful Alouettes' colors, red, green and white; every so often there is a large photograph of a team great of the recent past. An enormous reptile tube — perhaps a heating conduit — curves along beside us as we approach the head coach's room, which is still not windowless.

"Is this really going to take two hours?" he asks, a little desperately.

"Yes."

"Oh. Well. All right then." He gets comfortable behind his desk, then talks very freely and openly for as long as any interview could reasonably ask. He is relaxed, I say that, but not withdrawn. He'll talk.

A man just called me from Peterborough, where she teaches, for the Eastern Ontario Teachers' Association. I'm speaking to them tomorrow night Tuesday I'm in Kitchener. Wednesday I'm in Hamilton — those are sports' celebrity dinner for charity. I can see you again next Thursday, but I've got a dentist's appointment early in the afternoon. "He steps looking all at once, opens his mouth and indicates a front tooth. "Could we make it four o'clock?"

"Sure, but..." / continued on page 52



THE LAST SPIKE

BY PIERRE BERTON

Having a passage through these museum surges, soon revolutioned an available funds. Time and again the company was saved from bankruptcy by the adept financial sagging of its president, George Stephen, and his fellow director and cousin, Donald A. Smith. In 1884 Sir John A. Macdonald managed to force a \$35-million loan through Parliament in the face of fierce opposition, much of it from his own supporters. By 1885, with the PM approaching his seventieth birthday, the company was in desperate straits, every cent of the loan spent the entire main line now paid to the Ails, a hoard of creditors demanding money and its employees, unpaid for months, threatening to strike.

The entire project seemed on the verge of collapse. An divided version of Pierre Berton's description of the financial crisis follows.

Sunday, January 12, 1885.

was Prime Minister Macdonald's seventieth birthday, and on Monday all of Montreal celebrated this anniversary which also marked his fortieth year in politics. It was almost 15 years since he had crossed British Columbia a railway to the Pacific and in that period he had moved from the prime of life to old age. The rangy figure was balding, the heavily lined face had lost some of its features, the hair was almost white, deep pouches had formed beneath those knowing eyes, the lines around the edges of the upturned lips had deepened, and on the great nose and full cheeks were the bare purple veins of overindulgence.

He was a Canadian institution. There were many at that birthday celebration in Montreal who were grandparents, yet could not remember a time when Macdonald had not been in public. The reports of his immense restaurant through illness, fatigue, incompensation, scandal, or political manoeuvre had appeared regularly in the press for all of the railway's days. His suicide had been rumored; his death proclaimed, his obituary set in type ready for the printers to reify him. Macdonald had outlived one generation of critics and spawned a second.

As he drove through two miles of flaming torches on that 'dark, soft night,' under a sky scumpled by exploding rockets, to a banquet in his honor, he was in the midtown

of speeds. In his speech he could not help adding to the wisdom that he heard on all sides about the great national project, which was nearing completion. "In the whole history of railway construction there has been nothing to equal it," he said. Only a few of those in attendance — George Stephen, president of the CPR, was one — could appreciate the irony of that statement. The Prime Minister might just as easily have been referring to the intensity of the financial crisis that the railway faced.

Just the previous Friday, Stephen had dispatched one of his financial wives to the Prime Minister. "Imminent danger of sudden crisis unless we can find means to meet pressing demands. Rail also creditors getting alarmed about free money. Steps must be taken today with question of advancing on supplies." That week, rumors of the company's financial straits began to leak out. On January 16, one of the Montreal papers reported that the CPR could not meet its April dividend, that situation on the London market had caused another drop in the price of its stock, and that the company was paying for its normal cash purchases with notes at four months.

The rumors were true. The Prime Minister had been doing his best to avoid Stephen, whose letters, telegrams and personal visits were becoming more importunate as the crisis grew. "It is as clear as noonday, Sir John," he wrote in January, "that unless you yourself say what should be done, nothing but disaster will result." But Old Timoree would not say. Stephen was almost at the end of his tether — or thought he was: "I feel my ability to serve it has gone. I am very sorry to confess this even to myself."

The only hope was the government. Surely, it would come to the assistance of the company on a temporary basis, making an advance on supplies before the end of January. If Stephen could have that assurance he would take the risk of advertising the dividend. He / continued on page 74



PUSHING THE BIG RIG

BY BILL MCWELL

Between the trucker's trip and the poet's trip lies the longest hard-surfaced road on earth

With the road, it's hard to know where to begin. It's a matter of where you find yourself, I guess. And when, it's so Canadian in hoping for what you can expect.

A national metaphor, the Trans-Canada Highway is the longest hard-surfaced road on earth. It strags each of our separate silvicultural ridges through like beads on our own special necklace of need. Most

of us drive along until someone of it, and only choose to know it in terms of the immediate scenes of thought and feeling I pass through, regions of fecundity, each one called home. But the truckers transcend the ordinary human limitations of time and space, and see this road. Always and always on the move, they are the lifeline that flows along the main artery of the heart-land. Only, they don't see themselves like that at all. Because the trucks and the men who drive them are, quite simply, symbols of themselves.

When you stop and think about it, truck drivers are pretty necessary kinds of guys to have around. I reckon they load in 75% of the total volume, pounds of food consumed daily by the city of Toronto alone. Since 1.2 million trucks at this country work more than half the total tonnage. Most that runways, boats, airplanes and pipelines combined. And it's estimated that, out of our whole labor force, one person is now making his or her living directly from the trucking industry. Sure his job with the hegemony of it all, doesn't it? I think it's safe to say that trucks bring us everything we want, and a whole lot more besides.

John Melanson was 30 this summer. He comes from a small village on the western shore of Nova Scotia, somewhere between Digby and Yarmouth, but he's usually found on the Trans-Canada. Every Tuesday morning he sets out for the Day & Ross transportation terminal in Toronto with a load of pigs, comma duck and geese from the mill in Yarmouth. He arrives in Toronto just after noon on Thursdays. Every Thursday night he leaves with another load for home. He sleeps in his cab in the immense yard on Thursday afternoons and his never seen downtown Toronto. He's been doing this for six years. Before that he ran his own garage, but "I've been driving pretty well everything since I can remember." Five years ago someone at the Toronto end of cheap

gave him his nickname, "Coffee John." He doesn't know anything about ascriptions, but he's a damn good truck driver.

The most important of all facts, the one they can't ignore, is what keeps a guy going out there, when he's on the long haul stuff. And that's what this story's about. It

has nothing to do with flag drinks or lunch pads, Roger Miller songs on reel-to-reel radios, or black T-shirts full of beer guts. It has everything to do with making good time in the good lot, getting the goods to the people, and knowing where to get a good 80-cent cup of coffee. And mostly it's about how different people see the same things differently, but still somehow manage to get along, along the way. Because there's a big difference between making in trucks for fun and driving them for a living. That's the difference between John Melanson and me.

I grew up in Halifax, went to Acadia University, quit after my third year, two years ago, and decided to come to Toronto. In a Ford Foundation van with a Beaudouin grand piano inside it. Both belonged to a particular guy named Anton Kauri. He's president-elect of the University of Toronto's Faculty of Music, and he plays 22 Chopin Studies in a row at the second half of

concerts all over the country. You have to have your own piano for that kind of stuff. So, in the last couple of years, I've driven that old Beaudouin clear across Canada, since poets don't make much money while truck drivers do, though we all like to get around.

I started writing poems short and spare, and got camera about the Trans-Canada and the truckers themselves. I got so curious, I started lifting the road without Anton's truck, hoping that someone would just pick me up, hitchhiking.

So much for background. This summer, for the first time in the country's history, the spirit of a whole generation has hit the road. And what it finds and fears as it travels will determine, to a large degree, our future. The road is a great equalizer. Most trucking companies, for a variety of bullheaded, vested-interest reasons, insist that their drivers not pick up hitchhikers. John Melanson has no reason about as his windshield. From inside the cab it's on the bottom



right-hand corner. From the road it's on the far left. Either way it confirms, rather than vappens, an absolutely certain rule of thumb.

And if you have an exception, you have to have some kind of rule. And the rule is an exception. The rule is this: When in trouble call Central Dispatch. The rest of the time Central Dispatch tells everybody where to go and what to take, why and how. It told John Matson via John from Toronto to pick me up at the Day & Ross terminal in Halifax at seven one Tuesday evening. This was out of John's way by some 50 miles, and he would've gotten out of it, but there he was, waiting for me. Neither one of us knew quite what to expect.

I was 25 in February. I am six feet, weigh 145 pounds, have almost long hair, and wear wind-tanned glasses. John is five feet seven inches, weighs at least 200 pounds, has short curly black hair, graying at the sidesburns, and wears old, faded brown, jade green and white plaid work shirts. I'm an outcast always wearing things to be better than they really are, and I say "Wow!" a lot, because the cool is cold. John, on the other hand, is, somehow, bigger the most important words

are the ones that are left unsaid, and leaves it that way. I'm carrying my portable tape writer and the 10-year-old Ray Scola knapsack I always take with me on the road. John is carrying a Bill of Lading in one hand and a carton of regular-size returnable-bottle Cokes in the other. He points out his truck and all I can do is back. At least we both come from the same part of the country. We shake hands.

"How're you now?"
"Fine. And yours?"

"Fine."
If I felt any better I couldn't stand it.

The tractor's a GMC Astro 95 and John is proud of it. It's four years old and it's almost paid for. A cab-over-engine rig, a can hauler longer than the way it starts with a huge black bumper, almost a foot wide. A bumper bumper. And the windshield, four feet high, flows from peripheral vision to peripheral vision. The cab itself is painted Buffon-brown and black, the country colors. There's mirror, mirrors, the right wheel. The license plates ("Tigs") have onto themselves, somehow manage to contradict and complement each other at the same time. Leaning over the roof of the cab, framing the running lights, are two cameras as lenses. You can see what they stand like. At the same time, the door handles are an inch's length above you. Centering in popular belief, the doors are quite light. They only sound heavy. And I'll never forget John's dual exhaust pipes, four inches in diameter, up from behind and elbows forever. You feel the thing more than you see it, even from the close.

The Trailmobile trailer belongs to the company. It's a weatherproofed silver box except for its number, 4463, and it cost \$10,000 when it was new. It's a volume van, different from your Elwoods, extra-wide canvas-and-rickety, air curtains, windows, outdoor chain carriers and rafters. (Rafters are installed with Thermo King refrigerated units in them. They run every everything: from ice cream to corpses.) It's

hatched onto John's tractor at the "kugger" by device called "the fifth wheel" and "glad hands." (This particular coupling relationship is the source of an infinite number of stories. Fifty years of truck songs and sayings across the nation.) All told, John's rig is 53 feet long, has 18 3200 tires, is 13 feet two inches high, weighs slightly over 32 tons, and it's worth about \$100,000 the way it's loaded now. John wishes me watching it. He has a grin that could crack the world in two.

We climb inside, officially.

Secretly, John wears sandals, even in winter. He only wears his boots when he gets out of the cab because of the mud in the yards. He explains, while I look around. It's a very special place, the heart of his total universe. All polished black leather and chrome. The dashboard looks like a TV studio control room. It swings right around his hydraulic double-embossed large-of-the-road throne and glides right to the back of the cab, where the back begins. Forming a cockpit. When you try to say everything at once, you could miss anything. The cab says everything at once, and speaks of power, trust, solidity and mystery. There is no tele-

vision set in back, or bar, but I feel as if I'm sitting in someone's living room. Either that or in my way to the moon. The only things remotely near the dashboard and lefts from controls or Canada. The stories I expected are a single, distant theme — such cardboard emergency air freshener hanging from the bottom of the dash and two rolls of white paper napkins on top, for forehead wiping. John checks things out with clocks and hoses, starts the engine, and we ride off. It's all done with actors.

I take notes while John changes gears in perfect. It's sunny and clear as we start out, but soon a rain cloud has moved in from the horizon and wiped the best of the day off the green face of the sky. It does this every evening in summer in Halifax. Meanwhile, John's leaning back and forth, staring at all four mirrors at once, playing an inch game around corners and through extremely traffic. His hand-back hand glides back and forth, between the gearshift and the wheel, and the lead behind begins to settle down for the journey. You can feel it.

I tell John I want to know what it's like to be him and do what he does. My editor, I tell him, wants "A Truck's View Of Canada." And it can say right away that John's never thought about wrapping words around this, his side of the country. He keeps his eyes on the road.

Cross-country trucking came into its own after the realization of 1950. But don't get the idea that one guy hauls out load after load, even now. That's a very rare, and no human company, even an analogy, works out perfectly. Truck loads on the coast, like people, go north and south more than east and west. And the public cannot tolerate them then to specific regional areas. But different companies in different regions have deals with each other. So year especially long had a made by several drivers and truckers from several companies, while the trailer and the Bill of Lading stay the same. This whole process is called "interlining." The in-



dusty wall have to have some of this load of material on operation if it's going to survive. Like the country wall the "Wall," says John, between shifts. "It's pretty well the same. You know, no matter what you're doing it. In the winter it's the weather, in the summer it's the heat. You're always working." That's good enough for now. Our national passion has to be weather.

John always has his side window rolled down. Like it is now, he says, so he won't forget what the weather's like. It's in winter. Otherwise, I imagine, a guy could lose his touch with reality. The windshield is like a television screen with a National Film Board videotape playing. ("A third of Canada's trucks work on farms.") We pass patches of red and blue hills. Aynsley rises, with salmon, and chrome-tinted sky. The air is sweet and green and growing, and here we are.

We meet other trucks and wash, bark and bark. We meet them all — Mack, Ford, Kenworth International.

After an hour, the drag of the road begins to take effect. Slowly, surely, the body begins to shed the weight of distance, and a rhythm is born inside you. You could almost be going anywhere at any speed. It's in your only horizon. Your car is tied to the tow of the engine, the numb humming of the tires, the pink taint of air, whispering through the side window, beside you, and the bouncing motion of the trailer behind.

The double-burned highway ahead, bending your eyes between the white lines, fades into question marks of haze on the rim of the nearest mountain range. I feel against the steering disk. The truck begins a long wait, a moment of measure, a cluster of electrons.

"Doesn't look like it ferds from here, does it?"

"Hell?"

"The lake there. You'd swear to God the stream was at the other end."

"Oh, Yeah, I guess you would."

"You hang on there. And watch when we reach it."

"Okay."

John grins and changes gears. In the right foot, of course, uphill at an angle 20. We're well past the Thru barrel and are on our way to Wapiti now. The car becomes with power. It's like sitting on a fern while when you're waiting for other people to get on or off. Only it keeps on happening to you. Now I know how truck drivers go bad. Backs, kidney trouble and pain. (Ah, the way to Toronto!) We're already ratcheted now just along the road, so the fall doesn't seem to me as risky. John begins to tell me about his fishing

camp back home, and his three-horsepower motor and boat, which, like most of us, he doesn't get to use as much as he'd like. He has to shoot above the road. And then with our last great diesel grunt, we reach the top.

And everything is worth it to see the lake below. A mirror for the sky. A sign says "Folly Lake." And he's right about it mapping right there. We coast on down beside it. A small dark bird dips himself toward the face of the water, tumbles it, then wraps away into the dark on the far side. Wow! John swears on his headlights, green apple and change gears. I'm beginning to see what he means.

But let's not had ourselves. You can't, thank God, expect to find out what makes a man tick in a couple of hours, any more than you can expect to try and know him. We cross the border into New Brunswick with the night still behind us, and pull in at Pete Row's Esso station in Aulac. Here John announces that he's going to go to sleep. And he looks me out of the cab and looks the doors while he does.

He'll give me a shot when he wakes up. So I go inside and chat with the night guy on the pump, who tells me he has five kids and makes \$10 a month more than he'd get if he was on welfare. There's kind of things large and small.

The station is a classic afterglow. Displayed around the counter and cash register inside are Asprey, Green, Corb, Wolske, Byrd, Linn, Vuk, Nott, Nott, Nott, and a host of other golden posters including the usual dogs, cats and dogs, 33 kinds of chocolate bars, six kinds of sunglasses, and a Coke poster with 33 kinds of pop inside it. There's also a tin coffee-soup dispenser and a Peter Jackson cigarette machine with a color picture of Montreal by night on the front of it. In the middle of the Happy Motoring display is a special deal on Fiat Wood Kite, the latest gardening herbicide. "From Esso research." The big problem with this society, I decide in the sanctuary of the night, is the scarcity of hell.

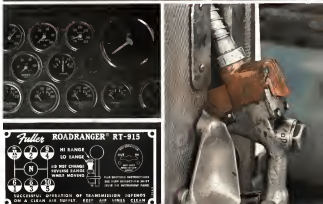
One of John's belongs to a gypsy. Gypsies are the enemies of trucking the last years. They make their living by screwing their own loads with their own rigs and keeping clear of the cops, none they're not properly licensed. He estimated that gypsy operators took \$30-million worth of business away from legitimate carriers last year. They mostly operate up north and in Ontario and Quebec, where the competition is keener. This guy's just hauled a load from Montreal up to North Sydney, he says, but he's coming back empty, losing money. The girl with him is young and neat and loves his anyway. They get fed up, buy some chips and Royal Crown Cola, and leave when he's through showing on the service window.

Step in the distance between your headlights and down, in the back at the back of John Maloney's mobile living room. Time, the shock of distance, hits with lots of air as lightning or a dry sky.

There are 15 different kinds of truck transmissions in operation on John Maloney's RT-915 Fuller, which goes from 12 speeds out of 15 gears. / reviewed on page 77



Photo by John Maloney



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ROBERT STANFIELD, MAX FERGUSON,

continued from page 40 / the culture is affecting people

SENATOR JOHN NICHOL

Former President, Liberal Federation

I rely a good deal on personal conversations. I split my time about half and half between the seat and the court so I listen to a lot of people each week. I think this is important — it usually keeps me a week or 10 days ahead of what appears in print — on the political scene at least. In spite of all this reading and listening I find that there are large information gaps. I don't know any way to solve this problem other than to increase my diet of reading and listening. This is a heavy prospect.

KINDAM TUN NASH

Director, The Information Program, CSC

Roady programs, all on CBC Television:
National News, CBC World, *Inside
Night*, *Men At Work*, *Mae & The Crew*, *The
Name Of The Game*, *This Land, Lord* 6:30
7:30 CBC News and current affairs pro-

types of phenothiazine, such as Zener and *Elle* and copies of speeches which are forwarded to me from time to time. I have seen difficult moments at parties on the sea in crowded rooms but I do not know how to deal with them. I have the same, they always with a very high price for it. Furthermore, the usual reports of computers, particularly in the spring, were through here and if they were no personal line and again it is difficult to pick out highlights, particularly for one member in the group. I have been very much relieved. I find *Die Phantasie* Post too good and not as formidable that I have long since looked the courage to face it every week. This is not to say that it does not contain a wealth of information, but there is a limit first of all, to one's capacity to absorb it. I have been very much relieved, I have been very much relieved, I have been very much relieved.

MAURICE STRONG

Under Secretary General, United Nations
 Maclean's, Saturday, *Arrows*, *Forrest*, *At-*
las, *Evening*, *New York Observer*
 (London), *Geographical*, *Standard* (UK),
New York Times, *The Post*, *Star*

JAMES SINCLAIR

Pierre Trudeau's father-in-law

I only listen to radio when I drive to and from work, and seldom watch TV unless my wife tells me of a program she thinks is of interest. I read a great deal but am not selective — trade and business papers in the office, and any books or magazines I find at home do on a shelf.

MAX FERGUSON

Plasmid preparation

For the purposes of my daily work, delving into the CBC's slush each day based on a topical news story, I rely on radio and TV newscasts plus two Toronto dailies, the *Globe* and the *Star*. From their stories, I choose the most concentrated, analyzed and editorialized which I use after doing a political slush to see if the national stand I took is similar or dissimilar to the way the experts are reacting. The only magazine I read with any / criticism on page

ROBERT STANFIELD

Leader of the Opposition:

I read the *Idiot's Guide* to French, all of the *Toronto* and *Ottawa* papers and *Le Devoir* as well as the *Economist*, *The New Yorker*, *Men's* and *Saturday Night*. I watch the TV news at 6:30 and eleven o'clock and the two Sunday public affairs shows. I alternate between reading *The Financial Post* and *The Financial Times*, and the book I'm reading is *Paradise* (which my wife gave me for Christmas). I'm reading it in French. I also read *Le Monde* and watch Canadian hockey games over the French network to practice my French.

C. B. NEAPOLE

President, Montreal Stock Exchange

I manage to go through *Business Week*, and *U.S. News & World Report*, as well as the business section of the *Globe* and *Mail*, with the intention to see nothing of the oil





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EVERYBODY FROM PAGE 39

why not skip that afternoon?"

"Dante don't bother me," says Sam with a hint of sarcasm. He grew in the 1961 season he started 12 of the St. Louis Cardinals' 14 league games. It's not almost of the devoted. Twelve out of 14 in 1961, and the first five of the 1962 schedule — 17 starts in the National Football League with a club that was figured as a contender, which means that in those two years he was one of the 10 or so best quarterbacks alive. Sitting here in the small room hidden in the guts of the Astoride in the wet spring of 1971, he doesn't look quite big enough to have accomplished the feat.

"I remember seeing you on CBS against the Giants in New York early in the '61 season."

"Sure you remember that game," says Sam. He is wearing a shabby-colored cardigan with a fuzzy top which is almost Cardinal-colored. "Tell you why. I set an NFL record that afternoon. The centre and I sat it between us. I should say. We fumbled the pass from centre line twice and recovered it five times. A record. We were having trouble making contact. And at that we won the game 20-10."

"Contact," he says, "no, I have no contact with Mr. Berger. My contact with the administration is through Red."

Mr. Berger is the other Sam. Firm and second Samuel. In the diamond-shaped administration affairs with looking roofs. Sam Berger moves slowly around, as if uncertain he belongs here. "I may open an office in the midtown area, right now I have none," he says. He sits softly down the penmanship in J. I. Alchewski who is talking to one of the girls. "May we use your office?" It looks at him with mock severity. "Don't take all afternoon," he says gruffly. But he does.

Paul Goddard says, "Mr. Berger is totally demoralized. Last night he phoned from upstairs and asked me if I wanted one of his tickets for the hockey play-off. We would go together. I had to tell him I'd be down here all day, working. But that's him, a nice simple man."

"The CFL, yes, I'm president this year, didn't you know?"

I didn't know, and felt disappointed, but Sam Berger makes me feel at ease. "I'm in an office that gets all these much publicity. None of us are in football for profit primarily, or for personal publicity. Take John Bassett in Toronto. I'm certain he's not in the Argonauts' administration to make money. Not primarily. I say I think everybody in / continued on page 33

If you're flying to London, you've already paid for Ireland.

"So why not get what you've paid for?"



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Director of
"The Heiress"
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"Is Sam too nice to be a head coach? He replies, "I'm not nice, not nice at all!"

Excerpted from page 32 / The league would like to do a lot better than break even if we could, that's natural."

"Who gave the shot?"

"I do."

Short and sweet.

Then Sam Berger says something that is obviously authentic and really lifts. "From my earliest days, I loved football. I was born and brought up in Ottawa. I went to Lacgar College. I played football at Lacgar after the first war, about 1920." He seems to want to convey that he isn't just an amateur. "I played the game myself."

I ask him if the name "Red Bauer" means anything to him, and see immediately that it does, his face lights up, he knows all about Bauer.

"In those days the ball was fatter and harder to punt, of course, that was an awkward pass for another 10 years. We didn't wear the uniforms they do now, some of us wore hockey pants, some of us never owned a helmet, never wore one."

"I was awarded a lawyer's office in Toronto, went through Ogilvie Hall and was called to the Bar in 1927. I moved back to Ottawa right away, and that first season I had football victims and took an interest in the team, the 1927 season."

Sam Berger gives a loud sigh.

"Over 40 years ago."

"I tell him, "My brother-in-law's dad, Edgar Mulrooney, played in the Grey Cup for Ottawa in the late twenties."

"I believe I remember . . ."

"The center's name was Don Gills, I remember that," says Eckersley. "We hadn't worked together during camp, we didn't have the rhythm. I didn't know it was going to start that New York game until I was on the plane from St. Louis, sitting beside Pop. Pop for the Canadian coach is called 'Milt' and Pop said, 'Yes,' and that was it."

"Enough atmosphere?"

"You talk about tough. When you played the Giants in those days you were competing with the famous marauders of football, and I mean really making. We went to a win that afternoon, but the Giants got it back the next season in St. Louis. Another fumble on the punt from center, this time on the two-yard line, when Andy Rothstein broke through. The ball squirmed away from me and Sam Huff poked it up and ran it is for the score. They won that game, and after it was finished."

"Up till then you'd been first string?"

"That's correct. I was unquestionably the starter through the 1946 season and through the Giants game in 1948. And you, Sam, you're a coaching coach. Wally Lingo came on from Houston, and Pop Jr. went to the Oilers in what was practically a trade. I believe that was the first time coaches switched areas like that, between the AFL and NFL."

I find Wally Lingo. It wasn't owing to Wally that I got coached with the Cardinals. We weren't winning, and no matter how much they like you, you have to coach. I don't know if it was the first to feel the pressure of Wally Wally and he liked me, but he coached me all the time. Coaching isn't easy."

How did you finish up in the NFL?

"When I got on the bench, the rest of the 48 season, I decided to ask for my release. St. Louis said they had signed a third man at the position behind me and Charlie Johnson, so I guess I didn't figure in their plans, and I was released. I was released in 1953. There were discussions with a couple of AFL clubs, especially Denver, where they had a flock of Canadian connections. Then during the regular season John Bender began having arm trouble, so San Francisco brought me out for a look-see. I hadn't thrown a ball in five weeks while I sat around waiting for a deal to materialize. I didn't show the stuff much."

He moves restlessly in the swivel chair, back and forth to left and right. He was born in 1930. How old is George Bauer?

"I always threw the ball with a mallet over my mouth, it was like breathing. In San Francisco I couldn't do it. I threw badly. The reason wasn't there. That was my last season."

Afterward there were scattered opportunities as an assistant coach, then five years in Montreal with Bechtel and Company as a customer's man, and finally in mid-1969 growing reason that he would coach the A's if the team was sold to Sam Berger. A Berger promise would bring Red O'Quinn into the Alouettes' picture and everybody in football knew Red's coaching choice.

Red is fit, energetic, the basic thing is, he's in the league. As far as I know, we're the only CFL club to have both a general manager and an assistant general manager in charge of player personnel. Red is GM, and I'm AGM, which gives us top coverage of administrative responsibilities. It also leaves me free to function as coach."

"When you took the job, Sam, an awful lot of people in town said you were a figurehead, a public relations man. They were wrong, you were too soon to be a head coach."

He says, "I'm not sure, not at all. I'm very impatient. You should see my wife. I'll tell you something. On the team I can play personally. There are some head coaches who can't motivate themselves to do it. I know of one team where the players are headed into two big rooms at the end of camp, like separating sheep from goats. The ones who are going to get out are sent off to the showers in one room. That's how they find out. Other players, the names are written on a blackboard— you just come in and find the writing on the wall. I put it on a board. I don't know if it's a new thing to do, but it's my responsibility. I'm no figurehead."

"You would be surprised to see what can happen in professional sports, there have been people who have tried to make money, short kids. It's not of opinion between me and my coaches. I won't allow that to get started, and I don't run the team like a democracy, it can't be done. You can't come out to practice, get the players around you and say, 'All right, now, what would you like to do today?'"

"I think everybody in this business is looking for a father in a way," says Red O'Quinn, leaning forward and smiling in the GM's office, a completely different style of office from Sam's, with a great big color portrait of Sam Berger, wearing a bright blue suit, looking down from the wall. There are two deep, soft, low-slung, several armchairs, covered in rich velvety black upholstery, in front of the desk, and the seating is one of them, changing with Red.

Never more as John Wilton, his grey coat, Bag man, 5'10, 170, 50 years older than Eckersley, much taller and heavier, six foot three, played at 195 and weighs 285 lbs. afternoon. He was to stay around that weight. Red's collected. According to every observer, the most able general manager in the Canadian league today. He's a Master's degree in Business Administration with degrees in Money and Banking, Economics, Accounting. No fool.

"Football isn't a democracy," he says, and I blink and he laughs. "You've heard that before."

"Free Sam."

"I believe it's true. I have a new rule effective next season. I will not personally / continued on page 58

People like that are still the most important resource we have. Unemployment is a waste of that resource — a waste that affects every one of us, at every income level. If we can find enough confidence in ourselves to grow the jobs we need, we'll all be better off for it. As a nation, we'll be producing more and selling more. As individuals, we'll be earning more and buying more. Something else. When we give people a chance to build — a chance to fulfill themselves — we also give them pride and a sense of achievement. And those are gifts too valuable to be measured in dollars and cents.

What are our chances?

Most economists agree that Canada is beginning a new period of growth. In the past year, we've outpaced inflation more successfully than any other country with a free economy.

Things are moving. Companies are expanding. Opportunities are opening up.

But we can still do much better. How much better depends on all of us, on how much we want to succeed.

We have the people. We have the skills. Now we'll find out if we also have what it takes to make use of them.

What Canada Manpower Centres can do.

Canada Manpower is the operating arm of the Department of Manpower and Immigration, responsible for the development and utilization of our human resources. In other words, their business is matching people with job opportunities. Last year, for example, they helped more than 750,000 Canadians find work. There are 566 Canada Manpower Centres across the country, all linked by Telex so that they work together as one cohesive force.

They can arrange the training and retraining of workers and help them relocate in opportunity areas. They also have access to the researchers, the economists and the statisticians needed by

business and industry to take full advantage of existing opportunities and to create new ones. Canada Manpower Centres are there to help every way they can.

What Canadian businessmen can do.

Our economy depends on the enterprise and energy of the private sector to create new wealth and employment. There has rarely been a better time for a more urgent need to translate that fact into meaningful action.

Now — at the beginning of an economic up-turn. Now — when thousands of skilled people are ready and anxious to go to work.

Now — when there are Government programmes available to help with all kinds of business expansion plans. Canada's economic future is very much in your hands. The real stimulus for growth must come from your initiative and your confidence in the future of this country.

What Canadian workers can do.

If you think Canada Manpower Centres are just for unemployed people, you're wrong.

A Canada Manpower Centre is also the place to go if you're under-employed. If you're interested in learning a new trade or up-grading your present skills — the counsellors there can tell you all about Government sponsored re-training programmes. (In these days of constant technological change, they can make all the difference in the world to your future.)

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What the Canadian people can do.

Start by examining your own attitudes in the light of Canada's current economic prospects.

Right now, personal savings are at a ten-year high. Which simply means that people have been careful about spending — as people always are when times are difficult.

There's much less reason for that caution today. What's needed now is the kind of confidence that will persuade people to make those expenditures they've been postponing. Because when people start spending, manufacturers will be encouraged to expand into new markets and new product areas. That's what keeps the economy moving. And that's what grows jobs.

Government policies and programmes can create a climate for growth. But Governments can't legislate public confidence. Nor can they control the private initiative and enterprise which will finally determine how far and how fast Canada grows. That's up to individual Canadians.

People. A guaranteed investment.

The history of Canada was written by generations of tough, self-reliant people who came here with the same determination to build something worthwhile.

Think of the incredible difficulties that faced the immigrants who first settled here. Read about the Canadians who literally forged this country together a hundred years ago, in the aftermath of a terrible fire, in the aftermath of a hard-fought battle of railroad tracks. And remember the challenge of Expo '67. How many people even dreamed that Canadians could put on the greatest show the world has ever seen?

Have we got what it takes to grow the jobs we need?



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**Main-d'œuvre
et Immigration**
Ogo Ling / Mississauga

Football men are basically in a father-and-son relationship, says Red O'Quinn

Eloquence from page 35 — I begin with my friend's agent. I don't mind a player conferring privately with his lawyer or agent, but I will not allow an agent, who may know nothing at all about the salary system and the up-and-down of pro football, to tell me what a player is worth. I know what he's worth, and what I can pay. I know what my revenues are and my fixed charges. If I pay too much for salaries, I'm out of business. The biggest task to go back and fix the employment opportunities for hundreds of players — is a golden-age salary device.

"Of course team sport isn't a democracy. Football cannot be played by a group of individuals. You take Larry Foote, Pierre Desjardins, these are self-starters type guys with tremendous self-discipline, which you have got to have. If 32 decent personalities are going to make it as a team, they have to share their personal wealth, they have to evaluate their teammates' good and bad qualities. They must help one another."

He speaks this slowly. "They must help one another."

"Football men are basically in a father-and-son relationship. Our organizations intend to go along taking that line: we want disciplined young men who want to get a start in a business or an educational career when they're finished playing. We're not interested in recruiting stars who will subvert the team."

Late night telephone interview Mike Webster says on television to announce his disliking with the Alouettes, an agreeable-looking, soft-spoken youngster with a round, innocent face. It has been characteristic of him. "I've been disliking," he says. "I've been disliking that, disliking that I don't want to be a backup man at the position. I feel I can start with any other club in the league."

The interview ends. "I see you feel that way, why keep playing?" Mike gives a weak grin. "The money. I'd like to play another few years to establish myself in between. Perhaps after that I'll write a book and blow the lid off."

"Mike Webster," says Sam Edwards reflectively. "He used that word, eh? I didn't see the interview."

"Disliking?" Yes. Do you agree, as the other end of the disciplinary process?"

He takes his time over this question, and comes close to speaking his innermost feelings. "I come back to

the question of the politics of a football team. A team can't be like a free state. Now you say that you don't admire Vince Lombardi's style. I understand that. You're used to doing what you like."

I had said that I would not have wanted to play for Lombardi because he was too authoritarian and treated his players like robots.

"You never had any contact with Lombardi, did you?" Sam says.

"No. I'm just going by what I read."

"He was one of Colored Black's assistants originally, at the Military Academy. I saw what you're getting at, of course. Mike Webster isn't an undisciplined kid. One really good thing about Mike is that he always comes and tells me. He talks about it, there's nothing secret about his feelings and he really wants to play. I consider him third as late as his position."

"He says he should be starting."

"Sure he does. Naturally he thinks that if he's any good. He has to have plenty of confidence in his ability. Mike's a decent football player, but he wasn't a regular at Notre Dame. He was a starter for the Alouettes under Roy Dutton, but when we came here we figured that the team had to be improved at every position."

"I think about him, he's really something," Dehennin says. "The fact is, he was one of our starting defensive tackles at the beginning of the 1970 season, that's perfectly correct. Midway through the year I started to use him as the starting center for two other players. I moved Ted Collins into Mike's spot. If you want a plain statement, he was simply not playing as well as Collins. I don't think he can play as well as Collins."

And now he wants to be traded to where he can start?

"I know, I know, and it won't be easy to manage. If a man wants to be traded well usually try to accommodate him unless he's an essential part of our plans. If we can't fit him in as a starter and there's a place for him somewhere else, we have no objection to trading for him. I have never denied a player an opportunity to play. I could send it. But in this case the western teams happen to be set at that position, defensive tackle. That leaves the three eastern clubs, six openings for a starting defensive tackle, so Mike has to wait some very tough competition in the three eastern. Frankly, I can't see him in first string on any club, with the personnel in the league as it stands. "Disliking."

I don't think so. Take our position. We don't consider ourselves our workmen are not excessively tough. We aren't alien drivers. And another thing — there's no someone about drugs in this league. Remember, yes I've seen lots of heroin, it's not what the CFL players use because. But not in handcuffs, not to the point where it becomes a vicious practice. One other thing about the CFL, we don't have anything like the punishing round-the-clock training that they do in the NFL. We play a heavy schedule but I don't think that the players are as completely used up in our league. You'll see a player with an working as a graduate player at the same time. We'll go along with defibrators that an NFL team would not allow."

Now Sam looks puzzled, maybe a bit upset. "I've seen those books that tell you professional sport is cynical exploitation of the athlete and the public. It just isn't true."

"How do you feel about long hair?"

"I don't allow excessively long hair on the club. The way we capture it, we want the player to look neat. We don't want shoulder-length hair sticking out from under the helmet." He pushes his fingers through the hair on the right side of his head. It's fairly long. "See? Mustn't do it. It's longer than some of the players and I don't care how long they wear it in the off-season. When a player does in the off-season is actually his own affair. But during the season, we have certain rules. Shoulder-length, haircuts, short hair, no. I want to see the player neat, and I'll stick by it. We don't exploit anybody. We do the best we can for our players. And they have their own ideas on the new position play, and top professional advice. Look at what the NFL Players Association has accomplished."

"How about the CFL Association?"

"Now we're getting into Red's field, and it's talk to them."

Before he came back to Montreal, P. J. Allwood was director of player personnel with the Denver Broncos. With the Alouettes his assistant general manager, probably the most experienced man in the Canadian game, if the 1970 season is the standard of judgment. On the walls of his office are photographs displaying the data on players he's keeping track of. Up behind his desk, where you can see his eyes as you enter the room, are framed photographs of three players: MacArthur, Polson and Robert Neyland.

I continued on page 65

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Football, to Albrecht, is like generalship and war

Excerpted from page 58 / who retired from the U.S. Army as a brigadier general. When the press association voted an end-of-career to choose the greatest college coach of all time, Knute Rockne was at the head of the poll. General Neyland, coach at Tennessee for 27 years, was second.
J. I. Albrecht says, "I believe Rockne was selected as top man because of his untimely death. In my mind, General Neyland is the greatest of all football coaches. My Tennessee's major is Walter Joseph Neyland Albrecht." He gestures widely at the three pictures "My three great heroes, MacArthur, Patton, Neyland."

"The same to when I was talking to Sam," I say, "the parallel between coaching and military, that coaching tradition that comes from the Military and Naval academies, from Virginia Military Institute and some other schools, the Air Force Academy for one."

Now we've got hold of something that really runs in. "It's a very close parallel," he says earnestly. "I think of General Neyland as like a father to me. I went to Georgia Military College for my undergraduate degree, majoring in military science, the history of war, strategy and tactics, logistics and supply, all that I believe it was my military-college background that caused General Neyland to hire me. I graduated in 1948. I was barely 20 during my first season at Tennessee under the general. I was with him for three seasons, 1950, 1951, 1952. He had a remarkable win-loss record in those years, and all through his 27 years as head coach. Lifetime, his teams were very rarely unbeatable. 171 wins against 27 defeats and 12 ties. Work that out over 27 seasons. It averages out at approximately seven wins, one loss and half a tie, for 27 years. I know of no head coach at a major school whose record tops that, over that length of time. Think of the consistency those teams had. That's why I'm a Neyland man, because of that consistency. The general is a man, simple, single wing without any talk. Everybody in the great know the Tennessee single-wing style. You'll find Neyland man as coaches and assistant coaches had successes everywhere in college and pro ball. My connections in player procurement, at all levels, are through my association with the general's men."

"What do you mean by a Neyland team?"

"Well, you see, there are not all kinds of coaching traditions. Suppose a great coach has a long and

successful career like General Neyland at Tennessee, teaching a distinct system he has known for his strategy and tactics, and for his success. Then his assistants and scouts become known, and they go on to top jobs at other schools. You could make a map, kind of a geographical portrait, of the main coaching traditions and the way they've spread all over the U.S. and into Canada. There are the Neyland men, the men who were Colonel Stack's assistants, like Lombardi and Paul Brown. A long line of successful coaches came out of Miami, of Ohio, like Ara Parseghian and Frank Clair. Then there's the tradition of the split-T coach, which came from Don Fusi. You'll have to ask Red to tell you about Fusi. There's the Notre Dame family stemming from Frank Leahy. Red Sanders has had a big influence. I would say that there might be from six to eight of these coaching traditions. Likely not more than that. This is the kind of thing that interests me because it's like military history, which was my field, and because football is like generalship and war."

Two hours collecting military information for years that would apply equally to football. The thinking of putting them into a book, if I can find the right collaborator. Here's one idea: a fifty-year-old Chinese writer who was, "The essence of success in making war is rapidity of movement." Now that, don't you see, applies equally to coaching. You can see from the pictures behind us," he gestures over his shoulder again, "that General Patton is one of my personal idols. His European campaign illustrates rapidity of movement as well as any in history."

"What about Legation?" I ask him. "What control do you have over it? How steady do you have to be able to remember?"

He gives this a deliberate and impressive answer: "I have detailed knowledge in my personal memory book of over 30,000 potential professional football players of the past 20 years. More than that number, because I have material on thousands of players who haven't graduated yet."

I find this hard to imagine, and maybe this shows in my face, because it launches into a detailed paragon of his figure. "Here are some figures to jump off from," he says. "Every year the combined major professional leagues, what used to be the NFL and AFL, draft 605 players in the 18 rounds / continued on page 53

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We took over a delicatessen team — it was strictly bologna and hot dogs

Delicately June page 60 / of the draft of players graduating from college and university in the given year. Twenty-two teams drafting 18 players apiece, right?

"That's it."
"After that there comes the free-agent draft, which is fully as important as the first one, because it includes many players who were not drafted earlier but who are good pros in all the same. That second draft has to be taken very seriously, and another 500 are drafted there. Makes you shiver a thousand, right?"

"Right."
"And above that first 1,000 there are the players who don't get drafted at all for the NFL. They go to help stock other professional leagues, the Atlantic Coast, the Canadian Football League, develop their skills for a couple of seasons in one of those minor pro leagues, like Tom Wilkinson or our man Steve Reines, one of our biggest finds last year. We got Steve because his father won't let him to attend CFL, so we asked them to look at Steve. I would estimate that the U.S. colleges produce 1,500 professional prospects in reality."

"Then I can believe you when you talk in terms of 30,000 names. I'm convinced. What about the youngsters who haven't even graduated yet? Do you mean as far down as high school?"
"Sometimes, but rarely. We pick people up as freshmen, and we start to rise them as soon as we get a hint on them. I see a four-class system of grading which really amounts to this: top, prospect, prospect, borderline, won't make it. I'm not fooled too often."

"Ever?"
"I've been fooled."
He points at the newspaper photo of pigboard on the walls to right and left of his desk, well up where he can readily reach them. In the holes are little metal hooks and hanging from the hooks are round cardboard signs with light metal rims, each with a name in different color.

"I love with blue lettering are what I consider blue-chip prospects. These in green are prospects, all right blue-chip. Black lettering—Canadian prospects. Red lettering—blue-chip but underdeveloped."

I can see plenty of tags with red lettering. All tags have full data on the player, written on either side.

"You seem to keep up on under-

standing pretty well."

"That's it," says JJ, enjoying himself. "We're like an insurance salesman, we're working today on the 1974 model. I like to have a full inventory on a key so we can judge if he'll grow any more that sort of information."

"It looks scary to me — I mean somebody having all that information on you, three years before you know about it."

"We don't make any harmful use of it," says JJ, "and it's all perfectly public. It's a matter of keeping careful track, and it's my job to collect as much information as I can. And he tells me..."

... besides, football isn't democratic."

"Right. But it isn't a dictatorship either. I told you I felt like a son-in-law to General Marshall. He sure you got Red to talk about Dan Frazier?"

"Dan Frazier," says Red, remembering in the GM's big chair. "That was at Indianapolis during the war, 1945. I was just JJ, a high school graduate, I didn't know much about anything. I came down from Asheville, North Carolina, and passed the naval air service. I played two years at Jacksonville Naval Air Station—the Jacksonville Flyers—under Coach Frazier. The really remarkable thing about Dan Frazier is that he organized the split T, which immediately caught on with a number of other coaches as being sound. Jim Thurman taught it at Maryland, Bud Wilkinson at Oklahoma, and it got into the Canadian game via Edmonton and had a big influence on the theory of offense in our league. It's an attack that's ideally suited to the Canadian game because of our wider field and the lateral motion of the quarterback. You can still use its influence in Canadian pro ball. After I played for Doc, I got in four years of military ball at Wake Forest. So I actually played six years of college ball and 10 of pro, two years with the Chicago Bears and eight with the Alouettes."

"Very extensive background."
"Yes, I have a few contacts. So has JJ. We try to keep in touch."

"Were you ahead of the Montreal Alouettes before you came down here?"

"Long before. The day Mr. Berger took over officiating in 1964, we changed 16 of the 30 names on the Alouettes registration list, so the basis of our constitution before the previous."

"You and J. J. Albrecht?"

"Correct. Some people say we

bought the Grey Cup, that isn't true at all. We owned the Grey Cup. We had owned players who went on that negotiation list before the rule was done to compensate pros like Ed George and Steve Reines. We kept a shakedown team from the previous regime, a team 10 players. We found the other 22 for ourselves. We were all set to move when the club collapsed. Everybody worked on it, JJ, perhaps most of all, but Steve and I worked on it too."

"When we came in," says JJ separately, "the team had the worst personnel I've ever seen, absolutely. Strictly delinquents, bologans and hot dogs."

Says JJ, "We have the ownership, the management, the players, all we need is top-quality. The rest of it is up to me."

"Says, looking at things today, with George Reines still as there at 40, do you ever think that maybe you got too old?"

"This question brings back that awful smile. 'Sure, I've thought that. I had opportunities to play after I left San Francisco. I had offers from Regina and Montreal the same season, 1953. But Bob Shaw, who was coaching in Regina, didn't want to meet my salary terms, and at Montreal they asked me to come on a tryout basis.' Remembering this, he shows annoyance. 'I even went to the tryouts, but they were no use, but I didn't feel that they had to put it in so many words.'"

He thinks over the intervening years. "There were the Kats brothers and their franchise in the Canadian league, the Kats, in 1956. And in 1965 I was an assistant coach with the Alouettes under Bob Trimble. People seem to have forgotten that. I'm had me coaching the delinquent team for some seasons, maybe to keep Reines and me out of each other's way. Finally, in 1966, John Newman approached me to play for the Montreal Alouettes. To tell the truth, I couldn't see myself making any comeback in the league. But that I wasn't involved with the game. I wouldn't be able to play now, a year or two away from the game and yet still be able to play. Sometimes I've found a park and have taught lessons in the morning, in the afternoon. 'One thousand, two thousand' or whatever they say, and it seems to me like they're hating the count. Of course I'm thinking of the fellow who has to get the ball into the air. He hasn't that much time."

Yves felt sick. It was like a Western with the waiting posse across the street

100 HOURS / FROM PAGE 32

apartment. When he had admitted him, Jacques Lacroix locked the door again, then put down his M-1 and stepped Yves in a bear hug. "Christ, you're back! Christ, I thought for sure they were going to arrest you there in the street."

"What?"
"The cops. They're all around us." "I didn't see any," Yves said. "You're kidding it?"
Jacques stared at him. "They're out back. But you can't see it, it's too dark now."

"Where are the Trudels?"
"That's what I mean. They never came back. They left at noon."

"Take it easy," Yves said, but felt himself infused with this fear. He was not in to see Marc, who was with the prisoner. Marc's eyes looked grateful when Yves came in, like a dog who's been looked up.

"Anything on the Rosses? Where were you all day?" Jacques said, steering after him.

"We were sleeping around trees. Everybody under the sun is in jail or just out of jail. All kinds of people and the job is 90% of them never heard of the FLQ. It's ridiculous."

"Anyone was in the Rosses?"
"No. Alan thinks they're still up north some place. Did you see him?"

"I forgot," Jacques said. "Christ, man, we're worried. I tell you we're just out of it."

"Going to bed?" Yves said. He went into the kitchen and found some bread and peanut butter. As he was spreading the peanut butter, Jacques called.

"What?"
"He went into the front room. Jacques was knocked by the window, his gun barrel poking the curtain aside. "Look out there!"

Yves looked and pointed out. There were five men standing across the street. Six big men in overcoats and hats, standing at their building. Cops. They couldn't be anything else.

"They know," Jacques Lacroix said. Yves drew back, squinting at the five men, trying to Jacques Lacroix's large, bearded anguished face, eyes, so Yves could not see if he was afraid. Yves felt sick. It was like a Western, the posse across the street, the law, now for the shoot-out. "Oh, Christ," Yves said.

"They must have arrested the Trudels."

"Yes."

"Why didn't they pick you up then?" Jacques said.

"Maybe, when I went out this

morning they hadn't found us yet. When I came back tonight they didn't know where I was hidden. When I turned on the light, it was too late for them to see me."

"But why?"
"If they know," Yves said, "then they know I'm here. They don't want a shoot-out in case he gets killed."

Jacques sat in the darkened room in silence. Then he got up and poked out from under the curtain.

"Still there?" Yves asked.
"Yes. We'll have to tell Marc. Will you come back?"

A moment later Marc came in, took, looked out, for the curtain drop. "Come in the kitchen," Marc said to Jacques.

In the kitchen it was dark. Jacques pointed out, then poked down the blind and watched the twilight light on Marc. It was a surprise. His lips were dry, he kept muttering. His hair was grey. "One thing that's good," he said.

"The girls went home?"
"Yes. We're in for a fight."

Marc nodded in silence. Then "You know. There's still the Cubes around down there at the Expo grounds. And that place at the airport. Supposing we ask them to send us. Supposing we kill? And release the Trudels and let them come too?"

"It's too late for that," Jacques said. "All those files went now it is to get on in a position where they can't see us. They want to send us to hell — not to Cuba."

"But they won't want to send Crosse to Britain or France?"
"They don't care about Crosse! If they'd cared about Crosse we wouldn't be here two months."

"Okay, okay, take a walk," Marc said. "Go to go back with Yves. See you in a minute."

"Wait. What are we doing, waiting while they arrest the back?"
"I'll watch the front. If they rank the building we'll get Crosse in the air. Well show them the dynamite and pretend we're enough to blow the block up. Remember, these mutants are afraid of their allies."

Marc shrugged. He took the flashlight from his belt and went to the window. "All right, you take the front room."

Shortly before an o'clock that night they heard a sudden tramp of feet on the sidewalk. It sounded like men coming on the run up from Rue Martel. Jacques Lacroix looked into the corridor, holding his M-1 at the ready. "Give the handcuffs to Crosse!"

In the prisoner's room, Yves rose and swiftly handcuffed Crosse. "What's wrong?" the prisoner asked. "What was the matter. Men passed the way was no further now. After 15 minutes Marc came in, took the key from Yves, and handcuffed Crosse.

"What's the matter?" Crosse asked again.

Marc looked at Crosse, who sat, as usual, his back to them, facing the wall. There was a silence.

"The police know where you are," Marc said, softly.

The prisoner's head jerked up. Marc looked down. Yves said, whispering, "They're moving people out of the buildings around us."

"Are they?" Yves said. Suddenly, inexplicably, he had lost his awful grin. "It's going to be a shoot-out after all. Rat-in-the-hole. Borneo and Clyde."

"Borneo who?" Marc asked. He did not go to English-language movies. "Never mind."

"What are you laughing at?"
"I don't know," Yves said. "I guess I'm hysterical."

Marc looked at him, then went back into the kitchen. Yves saw him settle by the window, his Beretta cocked.

Suddenly, at 2 a.m., all the lights went out. Marc lit matches and checked the downstairs fireboxes. There's the power," he reported as he came out from the garage and was joined by Jacques in the dark corridor. "Get Crosse up," Jacques called to Yves. "Bring him here."

The prisoner, lying on his mattress, was not alone. Yves saw the power was off. The one gardening hen got him up and led him into the corridor. They told him to sit on the mattress which they dragged into the corridor. Then he looked out of his window at the darkness. It was a painful position. When they had sat him up like that, all three ran into the front room.

They had heard a noise. Marc edged toward the front window and peered the curtain aside. A man in plainclothes was creeping on his hands and knees, coming from the sidewalk toward them. He was trying to reach the valve which connected the building's water supply gas before the front window. Marc opened the window and stuck his M-1 barrel out.

"Get away from there, you sonofabitch!" he said.

The man looked up, then, rising to his feet, turned and walked quickly back across the road.

"All right," Jacques said. "There's it. If they want it, they'll have it. They'll have it. We'll see. I'm not going into that cell!"

He put his gun down and ran back into the kitchen. On the top shelf of the cupboard was a small can of black-Mac paste. He took it and ran back into the front room. With a sig he dashed large letters on the windowpane. FLQ.

He ran into the other front room and opened the door to the FLQ. He was excited, sweating, trembling in rage. "Okay," he said. "Let's mark off the shooting territory."

"There's still Cuba!" Marc said. Jacques stared at him.

"That's right," Yves said. "We'll sell him Crosse," Marc said. "We'll have a chance."

"What if they pretend to make a deal and, when we leave, some guy dressed as a civilian comes in at the ground and shoots us on the staircase?"

"Sure, that'll be nuts," Marc said. "Yves?"

"Cuba or a shoot-out," Yves said. "It's all the same to me."

The sounds dragged into a minute. Jacques Lacroix felt his foot begin to shake. He was in a state of mind. "All right," Jacques said. "Let's throw out a message," Marc said. "There's a piece of hollow pipe in the passage."

"Get it."

The FLQ stationery he had seen designed with such pride, the logo of the highest fraction, the words "CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION" and the familiar sheet of paper, on the double-lined on the table hands he, he began that, his last commu-

nication. He wrote it on his own hand. "They, what the name of that other lawyer, the one who helped Valjean and Gargouille?"

"Lemieux?"
"No, not Lemieux. The law."

"Bernard Margier. He's the evil law."

"Yeah, that's him. Robert's still locked up, they'll never let him out to help us, would they?"

"I don't know."

"Get Margier," Yves said. "When I would in the court room guys and he was honest and a great lawyer."

"Will he come?"
"Yes. He's a good guy. I tell you."

"Okay. How does that sound, then?"

"Commenced?" If you try anything (guys, etc.), Mr. J. Crosse will be the first to die. We have several sticks of powerful dynamite. If you want to negotiate send in a newspaperman from Quebec-Press or Le Devoir. Plus Lawyer B. Margier. We shall

conquer FLQ."

"That sounds good," Jacques said. He took it in a cylinder and slipped it into the foot-length of kind pipe.

"Open the window."

"Right."

The pipe was hauled out onto Rue Rueland Street. They heard it clung on the pavement. Feet pried it away.

"All right," Marc said, laughing. "They thought it was a stick of dynamite."

"Did they get it yet?"
"Have they come. Oh! Oh! They're scared. They're not dynamite, don't worry, it's not. Feet it up, yes, that's the best. He's back to Father St. Pierre and all him what we say."

At dawn they transferred Crosse from the darkness in the corridor and slipped him in to lie down on the mattress. Then handcuffed his wrists and put a blanket over him. When they had settled him, they went to the window to watch. From down covered there were signs of movement and, at 8 a.m., suddenly, all began to get together. Army transport helicopters whirled like giant cranes, passing and regaining over their roof, landing troops in the grounds of the nearby Ecole Britannique de Monrovia. Flies of grey uniforms passed at the foot of Rue Martel. In the distance, on the adjoining Avenue Goyette, they could see uniformed cops moving men, women and children from nearby houses. Plainclothesmen in dark uniforms were patrolling the roofs of surrounding buildings. A fire engine arrived and was stationed at the foot of the street beside a black truck from the Montreal Police Bomb Deposed Squad. At 8:30 a.m., 150 armed policemen were deployed on the four connecting intersections surrounding the block, while combat troops armed with FN automatic rifles and Sterling submachine guns stood in long lines along the upper end of each adjoining street. The final move, directly across at surrounding the apartment, was the appearance of small groups of plainclothes policemen wearing red tunics and carrying automatic rifles, walking up and down Rue Rueland Street, directly opposite the Montpelier building.

Slowly, as though waiting from a second shop, the scene suddenly changed. At 9:30 a.m., on December 3, the radio announced that Quebec Justice Minister Choquette would be flown by helicopter from Quebec to Montreal Police headquarters and from there.

Continued on page 66



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SHARE YOUR GOOD

HEALTH

If those fascist pigs shoot us down they'll make us martyrs," said Marc

100 Years from page 63 / would go directly to the scene of the operation. Robert Daniels, the lawyer who had earlier acted as government negotiator, was on his way to Miami North, together with a registerer who would act far the kidnappers.

"A negotiator," Marc said. "And they say the Cuban consul is on his way to the Main and the World previous."

"Maybe we won't have a shoot-out after all?" Yves said.

"Don't count on it," Jacques told him. "If those pigs can get their hands on us for five minutes we won't be worth seeking to Cuba."

"It's some nightmare fantasy that worries me," Yves said. "Some nightmare. Donald out there with a gun, waiting to average Christ knows what."

"You're not kidding," Jacques said. "What chance have we got?" His left foot began to jiggle nervously. Marc noticed it. "Look, we still have a good chance," Marc said. "And do you realize that if we get out of here and they shoot us down, the television will be on it? See this thing we're going to get is coverage."

"That's right." At mention of coverage, Jacques' nervousness seemed to disappear. "The other thought about this," he said. "If we escape today we'll be escaping on television. The whole world will see what we've done! The whole damn world will see this happening! It would be fantastic!"

"Yes," Yves said. "It's like we wrote the script. The Cuban consul waiting and the cops and the plane — Jesus!"

For a moment they stared at each other. Marc realized that he was trembling. Jacques' eyes were hidden by his shades but his face was lit in a way Yves kept psyching his thigh, a tick of his neck excited.

"So let's get out there where we can show them, right?" Marc said. "If those fascist pigs shoot us down, they'll make us martyrs, do you realize that?"

"Sure, Marc." Yves said and made the sign of the cross.

Marc turned, seized a neck pouch at Yves, then went into the front room. He knelt and panted out under the forward curtain. Soldiers and plainclothesmen armed with rifles were on the mesh opposite, facing in his direction. But the only figures now on the street were two small clumps of the mysterious plainclothesmen, wearing red armbands and carrying automatic rifles.

Then, slowly, cleared through the police barrier at the far end of the street, a car approached. It came on cautiously, stopping some yards away from their building. Three men got out. One of them pointed to the building where Marc knelt behind the curtain. Then pointed to a house across the street. One of the other men nodded and began to walk toward Marc's building. The other two men turned, crossed the street and went on at the side door of the house across the way.

The man coming toward Marc's building wore a dark overcoat and hat, a white shirt, dark tie and darkish suit. He did not look like a cop. Dark hair, nose, mouth, about 45 or 50, Marc estimated. Yes, he could be the lawyer, all right. He did not seem to be armed.

A few moments later, there was a knock at their door. Marc positioned the others, then went cautiously to view the front door.

"Who is it?"

"It's McPherson and I am all alone."

Marc signaled and Jacques undid the left, unlocked the chain, and opened the door. Both he and Marc moved their guns.

The lawyer, seen close, was pale but composed, with a wary manner and too perfect teeth. He asked Marc if he was Jacques Lancelotti.

Marc said he was. Lancelotti's lip pointed to Jacques. "This is Lancelotti."

The lawyer then asked them if Mr. Cross was there and if he was all right. They led him down the hallway to the corridor where Cross lay on a mattress, a blanket over him, panted by Yves, who was holding the M-1. In English, the lawyer asked Cross if he was all right. Cross smiled and said he was fine. The lawyer then said he recognized Cross from his photographs but had been asked to make a positive identification.

"I am to make a positive identification of you by asking you the name of the ball jersey you had when you were sent to Dallas."

"Geez," said Cross. "The name was Green G-A-B-M."

This seemed to satisfy the lawyer. He told Cross, in English, that he hoped to have him out in an hour or an hour and a half. Then he turned to Jacques Lancelotti.

Jacques said Marc led the lawyer into the empty front room where he gave them a paper which he said was the government's plan for their safe conduct to St. Helen's Island where a temporary Cuban consulate had been

set up. Jacques began to read the document. Cross was to ride with his captors to St. Helen's Island and remain there in the consul's custody until the plane carrying the kidnappers touched down in Cuba. But Jacques was searching for something else in the document. "What about the wives and children, does it mean they can go along?"

The lawyer said it did.

"What about the Trade?" And they indicated? Jacques said, asking the question he most desired to ask. For if Louise and C.T. could not go, how could he live, later, with their abandonment?

The lawyer said the authorities had promised that the safe conduct would include the Trade who were being held by the police. Then Jacques asked about persons now held under the War Relocation Act, and, of course, the lawyer and so. Marc could have told Jacques that and thought it unlikely to have brought it up at this point.

Yves had brought Cross into the room and now Cross, relaxed, as together with the air of a patient, smiled and said to the lawyer, "These chaps seem to be afraid of night-wing terrorists."

"No," Marc said. "We're afraid of a police ambush."

The lawyer then offered to go downstairs in the air with them, if that would help.

"Look," Cross said, smiling. "What's the matter here? Am I not important enough? Or do you think the authorities don't care about me? Surely you realize the whole world is watching and the authorities here will certainly not want anything to go wrong."

"Okay," Jacques said. "We'll leave in our own car with our own weapons, clothes, and so on. We'll get into the car downstairs, drive out, drive northeast to St. Helen's Island, and find Mr. Cross over there."

The lawyer turned to go. "Remember, we expect you back in 10 minutes," Jacques said. "We don't like the way things are shaping up out there. Who are all those people with the red armbands?"

"Well, they're certainly not Red Guards," Yves said.

Marc was at the window. "Why are they wearing the armbands, then?"

The lawyer said he thought that if shooting started, the authorities would be able to distinguish between plainclothesmen and the FIAQ.

They let the lawyer out. Watched him to be / continued on page 64



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100 More, from page 58 / ready. The garage was empty.

Then they brought Cross in and Jacques collected the handoffs, taking them off, throwing them on the concrete floor, with a loud clatter which grated on the tense pleas of the dazed garage. He and Yves began to load up their luggage at the trunk. That big Jean-Jacques sat, how would they get it off "Gilles"? More silence. "We should have left it behind." But the lawyer suggested they put it in the back seat where it would sit as a shield for Cross. They put Cross in hands it and then Jacques and Yves began to stink pieces of newspaper up to screen the other windows from view. But the lawyer, impatient, and they must hurry. They must go now.

Mure sat behind the wheel, waiting about whether the old car would start after all these weeks. Yves got it with him, and Jacques got in back with Cross, holding onto the right rear door which would not close properly. "Let's go, then," Jacques said. Mure engaged the ignition. The old engine sputtered over, died, coughed, coughed, coughed and then, with a rusty noise like of drums dragging across a brick floor, it coughed and sputtered into spluttering life.

With a bump of its awkward escape, the old Chrysler came up over the hump of the ramp and stopped on the street. It was 12:35 p.m. The lawyer, waiting on the side walk, opened the front door of the car and got into the front seat beside Yves. The old Chrysler, jerking forward, then turned down Des Rivières Street, as motorcycle police, straddling their machines like medieval cowboys, slowed down at racing bows, six engines catching at once in a roar of disciplined thunder, and the police tail lights moved into position, three to side changes around the Very Important Automobile, three to lagging ahead, holding traffic at intersections, sidestepping all other cars, holding the motorcycle through crosswalk, with a lion's head, an Armed Forces badge pinned to chest the middle pattern, while behind the bull horn gave other automobiles moved into gear.

And, all around, bright sunlight, crash, screech, engines, slowed down, crowds, traffic lights stopped in mid-air, cars working their through, racing across across the city at 60 miles an hour, their roads laid down by the police, seeing off the tempt they had helped to create, as no fugitives in history have ever escaped before. One, one witness. ■

The big green cab lurches, leaps, and almost blows itself up with pride

BY 1925 FROM PAGE 36

moving cars. He changes them with the same ease you or I would take a picnic up a piece of broken glass. He's also careful with his bike. Every 100 miles or so he stops beside the road, kicks off his carefully brushed on his boots, gets a hammer from his tool box and hits every piece of rubber on his leg so make sure he's got plenty of air and he's not overheating. Trees that catch fire are pretty well impossible to put out or change. He likes night driving because it's cooler and his motor runs in an ice box, and there's no traffic. It takes a long stretch of road to stop 32 tons at 60 mph, so John keeps his proper distance. This is mostly what he thinks about when he's on the road alone. I wake up and think him.

Between Fredrick and the terminal at Montreal as pass 11 backwaters all at once on our side of the road. We're right in the middle of some of the most beautiful scenery that ever took your breath away — the St. John River Valley. The road is straight and good. John tells me about his eldest son, a lobsterman back home who's making a good go of it. An Independent operator like his dad. People can find work if they want it but enough, he says, as we pull in off the road. The terminal looks like the ranch from a leftover cowboy movie set, held together by strychnine of Scotch tape and string. The huge beams grating on the tin and dirt lot around it are a peculiar orange and black wood. This is where John's cheese works for him.

While we're getting our tank filled up, a worn fire charmed and a running light flash. It gets a chance to look around inside the garage a dozen men are working on four trucks at once.

You can see there's been a lot of loads put on and off the loading docks over the years. Meanwhile the drivers are standing around with their hands on their hips talking to each other about what's wrong and right about their rigs, and the office girls have arrived. A guy named Andrew has been running around getting things done and we're ready to go. The day is waiting.

The rhythm of road takes us over again. It's hot inside that cab, and outside it's an eye-popping sun. There are no words necessary. We reach Edmundston and across the border into Quebec, into another zone of thought it's soon again. We pass dirt roads, signs, country-wide churches, and

go through small towns. Curves and hills punctuate the monotony. And in the distance, far beyond the highway run mostly dirt roads and deep, and we see broken-down barns and farmhouses, the wood grained by the changing seasons of time. Now the road narrows and starts to wind along its own history. Past long lakes dotted with summer camps, chalets and cottages, and groves of yellow birch bright with sun. People stand in an endless pickup trucks and eight-year-old Chevy hardtops, feeling their city around as in another language. Everyone studies and waves back and forth. We come to a railway crossing.

And when? — a flat. It takes half an hour to change it, and one tiny insignificant-looking jack does the whole job. We catch some new signs, and we'll have to stop to get the tire fixed. Out of his monkey seat and back into his sandals again, John says he knows where to go. It's just past Rivière Herbe. It's all in a day's work. The garage is owned by a guy named André, who's busy waiting a car chosen as we pull in. It's a tiny roadside place with real grease pits and plastic streamers everywhere. And by the looks of things, he's the only people who've pulled up here for weeks. John turns out to be bilingual except when we get caught and both

of us get talking fast. Which they do anyway, since they're old friends. A few-year relationship and starts to be in the pretty well by hand but expertly. Finally, his hesitating as thick, is the distance between good friends. And the distance between people. And the time it takes to cross that distance.

We finally arrive at the G&L Truck Plaza on Highway 20 outside Québec City for supper. And right away you can see it's all in how you leave. There's a guy with a snort in a Musk pulling out of the pumps ahead of us, right now, all power and smoke and double-dashed gears going. It's like a slow-motion movie of a train taking off. The big green cab lurches, shoulders, leaps, and almost blows itself up with pride at the fire inside and he's almost off the ground, tearing around the corner of the restaurant, past us, and on off the lot. A 1950's? The guy at the pumps gets and waits at the same time. John tells him what to do for his truck, slowly. He tells me, "That's a good way to learn out as engine." And he's nervous. Then he takes off his sandals, puts on his boots, and changes gear back to normal.

Normal at the G&L Truck Plaza is two doors right across, two doors walking and / continued on page 72



"Hey man, that coffee's a gas, I really dig it."

A t a stop we find the American Dream is alive and well and living off Canada

Big Boys from page 71 10 down leaving all at once. It's engines revving, horn blaring, and men light screaming. It's a football field of asphalt covered with grass, broken glass, tire skids and beer cans. It's surely the home of both the National Hockey Champion and the Darling National Truck Hero. And it's all done in minutes. French Canadians, *C'est le genre de la zone*. The place has real style.

And inside the restaurant, the girls. Only they're women. And I don't care how old you are or what. I don't have to look. Fuck-and-where-for-just-again men are some rare. And they're big women, with big eyes and big thighs, and they're gorgeous and friendly as hell. And you don't have to ask twice for the milk to go along with your hot-chicken sandwich. It's a good hot-chicken sandwich. This is what truck drivers make money. And I'd sure like to see the men their boy-friends drive. The American Dream is alive and well and living off Canada.

Meanwhile John McLennan is sitting here in front of me quietly watching away. And I still don't know what's with him. Or how with me. There are too many words left unsaid between us. Why are we so scared of each other? Where did the nervous come from? How can you have a closed society in an open society? How can you manners or act out a war? Where's the lead in the heaven's turf? We get up to go and neither one of us leaves a tip.

We go to the Five Truckers Only sign by the restaurant door and head to the back door, through a foyer. There we find a glass display case full of plastic model trucks, painted various company colors. And on top of the case is a bunch of photos of the Highway Evangelist. And here, by

George, is a newspaper with real integrity, put out by people who really know trucking. It's major features are highway safety and a good God. Here's a sample of what's inside, from a piece called *Costs On Strony* by the Reverend Bernard Warren of Midway, Ontario: "I don't believe that Christianity should be violent, aggressive, abrasive, people except sometimes. Never destructive, never mean, never without love. The Christian may be required to take the hard line or more in such cases." They're called *Truckers For Christ Inc.* and they have catholic chapels morning call across the continent. And they're poets, too. Like Art Culp from Hamilton:

*We love you dear truckers with
all of our hearts
I know of God's gift to us He
did impart
Please let this guide you over
life's barren ways
He is waiting to help you, yes,
even today
Do not end up tilting your un-
comfort folk
This is serious business for life
is no joke
Cush in your pads and your
suspense seats
Turn your life over to Jesus —
He'll make it worth while.*

That's the last verse from *The Space War Not There*. As we come outside the sky is hanging between overcast and clear, trying to make up its great gay mind.

It's a routine now, setting down, into the road. The hot metal feels good inside. The becoming suddenly helps the digestion. The road is good today here on us. I have paid power poles and phone lines the bodies of semi-truckward animals, long strips of plastic and, to our left, the dirty St. Lawrence. Toward dusk we pass an-

other hatchback, and it starts to rain. Finally, I ask him phrasing it carefully.

"What do you think should be done about these kids on the road, John?"

But he's not about to be interviewed.

"Well, you know there's two things I don't like talking about. Politics and religion. That's the end of it, then. She pulls into a tourist rest area for a stop, and doesn't look me out tonight because of the rain. He looks off his sandals and shrinks into the back. I make a guess out of my coat, and stare at the kid on the road, through the rain on the windshield. *How bastard can hope he gets a life*. He's tall and slumped and he looks a lot like me a couple of years ago. Wonder where he's gone? He walks past, through the mist, and on over the nearest hill.

Most truckers, and especially gay ones, name their rigs after their girlfriends, wives or oldest daughters. Because every outlaw has to have at least one inkish inside himself or his rig. A broker, he loses it to the company. His wife approves of this and they've been married 25 years. Next year I'll have been married for 12 months, and if I had to drive a rig for a living I'd call it *Scarlett*. I'll have to go back a bit now to the Ford Econo I drove across the country and the Bonanza-for piano and the sister I wrote then.

Dear Scarlett

I have two boys in my belly and you do my mind. I haven't started for two days. Love has become my distance away from you, maintained by the fact I have to add to your old picture in my wallet. Don't cut your hair until I see you.

But being here is important, too. The moment I describe themselves here for the first time. Even the foot-hills are as high as anything I've ever seen before. Being here is so important, I almost forget to tell myself where I'm from. Whenever I am.

Three time spent lives home and still trying. There was 1,000 miles I didn't know existed, between Toronto and Winnipeg. The same 1,000 miles. He discovered, that doesn't exist between Toronto and Halifax, in Winnipeg's minds. It was taken a long time and a big road to stretch yourself farther than 1,000 miles and still be in the same place.

March is no time for talking when you're driving a grand piano over the

I continued on page 74

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MONDAY

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TUESDAY



Big name interviews, good entertainment—**Elwood Glover** style. **"Mary Tyler Moore"** is only, entertaining. Multi-talented **"Carol Burnett"** puts the laugh on you. **"Telescope"** focuses on interesting Canadians—at home and abroad. You can't beat **"Tuesday Night"** for the best in documentary programming.

WEDNESDAY

Everyone is welcome to **Singsong Jubilee**. Explore **"This Land"**, our people and problems. Remember **Gerda Munsinger**? Don't miss **"The Torch Song"**, the **Deerhoof-Pearson** yearn. **Lloyd Robertson** nightly—on **"The National News"**.



THURSDAY



Getting Together with **Ruby Skerwin**. **David Janssen** is **"Treasure Agent"**. **C.H. Green** is **"The Man in the Hat"** with big band sounds. **Two Canadian** dress **Ye See Gangsters** and **Proper X. Bideaux**—what's going on in Canada and around the world.



Dick Van Dyke does his thing. Join the **"Laugh-In"** with **Rowen and Robin**. **Whit's** **Tracy** night, without popular **"Tommy Hunter"** and his wife. For comedy and music is **World TV Show**—with **John Chance**.



SATURDAY

Play ball! They're off! **"Ice"**—total sports coverage week-end afternoons. Be sure to watch **"Hockey Night in Canada"** every Saturday night. **Update** reviews the week's headlines. **Good sounds** from Nashville to New Orleans, on **"Countrytime"**.



SUNDAY

"Walt Disney" offers the best in family entertainment. Set into South Seas adventure with **"The Rover"**. The generation gap is full of laughs on the new **"Jenny Stewart Show"**. **"Flip Wilson"** and **Caroline** are both a riot. **Anne Murray, Penelope** and **Michael**, and **Wayne and Shuster** are great entertainment fare on **Sunday at Nine**. What's happening, what's likely to happen, and why it matters analyzed by experts on **"Weekend"**.



TELEVISION **CBC** TELEVISION

Macdonald: "How it will end God knows, but I wish I were well out of it!"

The *Last Spike* from page 74 / home on Drummond Street to take an inventory of his personal possessions. Stephen stood quietly by. They had already counted his cash and securities. Now they brought along experts who valued his growing art collection, his mobile stationery, his furniture and his famous requested prints. Then they catalogued his household items, his dishes and his silverware. Stephen carefully examined the long list of his material possessions acquired over a period of 35 years in Canada and, in the words of an eyewitness, "waited a flicker at an eyeball squint at all ways."

"I venture to say," he told Macdonald, "that there is not a houseowner in all Canada, knowing the facts, but who would not see the wisdom of doing for our print. But so long as we are able to save and protect the company against its enemies, who seem bent on its destruction, we shall not grudge any risk or loss that might accrue. Personal interests in the company are secondary after with either of us."

All during this period, the news papers were engaged in lively speculation about the future of the CPR — a public debate that was, in Stephen and, "simply telling the company when for the moment has no stake left." Even the *Frederator* had said that that for some time past the company had not had the means to work the road. "Mr. Stephen and his associates have broken their agreement and by the terms of the bargain the road already finished, with all its advantages in fact, has been declared on March 11. There were, it said, three possible solutions: persuade somebody else to complete and operate the railroad under a similar plan; have the company take it over, or, asked help to Stephen.

Stephen continued to hammer away at Macdonald to pursue the last course, modifying his original proposal for the rail line and there he, in essence, asking for a further loss of five million.

"I don't know how Council — will take it," a weary Macdonald wrote Charles Tupper (his former mentor of railways, now high commissioner in London). "Our difficulties are constant, we have blackening all round." As the price of acceptance the hungry Quakers were again demanding that the provincial government be sold or relinquished, while the Mounties were clamouring for another railway. "How

it will end God knows," Macdonald said, "but I wish I were well out of it!"

Even the normally shrewd W. C. Van Horne was in a private state of gloom. Obviously, the railway's general manager remained supremely confident. One morning, when a credit-impaired railwayer sought payment and expressing fear at the outcome of the railway's financial crisis, Van Horne turned to him bluntly and said: "Go sell your bonds and buy CPR stock." Inevitably he must have been aware of the absence of the pay car in the dollars and on the shores of Lake Superior was threatening to close down the railway. At Beauport the newly constructed camp on the Columbia, there was a railway talk of a new sale of Lake Superior stock, a man was threatening to lynch a contractor whom they blamed for holding back their wages.

On March 18, Stephen made an offer to the government to purchase the CPR for a loan of five million dollars. He asked the government to take as security \$15 million worth of 3% railway bonds, at par, and 37 million acres of land at two dollars an acre. The application was considered and, at length, rejected. Stephen vowed that he would leave Ottawa, never to return. The railway was finished. Its directors were crestfallen.

Colquhoun Schreier, the government's chief engineer, recalled with some emotion a scene in his office with Van Horne: "The only line I believe his own mind was over about — 'A close friendship had grown up between the two men in the past several years together, especially the hard experience along the shores of Lake Superior in the summer of 1884. Now the general manager looked up at Schreier and then, very slowly and very softly, he revealed the depths of his despair: "Say, if the government doesn't give it [the loan] we are finished." Van Horne, who had never cast a vote in his life, felt that he had been led into the one game he did not understand — the game of politics.

And then as if the railroad staff had given the old, obscure state from the North West as the most preventive and unexpected of them. The Minister Lord Laurier had raised the flag of insurrection.

Earlier that year, Van Horne had held a significant conversation with John Henry Pope, Tupper's successor as minister of railways. "It is not just as out of our money?" Van Horne

asked the minister. "Let me go off into some corner and hush."

Pope replied that the government was so concerned about him and his followers that it could not undertake further entanglements. "I wish your CPR was through," Pope said.

In late March, Van Horne was reminded that the evening when Schreier remarked to him that Macdonald seemed more concerned about the troubles in the North West than he did about the railway. The thought occurred to the general manager: How could the government refuse to aid a railway that spent money and, to the premier, took the *Mt.ies* seriously, and crushed a rebellion?

Van Horne immediately offered to the *Frederator* Council the services of the railway's entire staff, if needed, from Ottawa to Fort Qu'Appelle. It sounded like a forthright promise. There were four gaps totaling 86 miles in the scheduled line north of Lake Superior. Between the connected strips of track much of it was unbridged and had badly on top of the snow — was a frozen waste of forest, rock and hammy drifts, whipped up by the very winds that shredded in from the lake. Could men, horses, artillery pieces and military supplies be shuttled over the primitive foot roads which crossed that melting place of hazards? The members of the Council refused to tolerate it.

"No anyone get better paid?" Macdonald asked. There was no answer. Van Horne was told to prepare for a massive movement of men, animals, arms and equipment.

The line of the CPR rose by with the railway itself. If Van Horne's gambit worked, then the politicians and the public would have the best possible proof that the premier of a constitutional law could hold the nation together in time of trouble. ■

From *The Last Spike* published by McEwen and Stewart



WHAT WE ONCE DID WE CAN DO AGAIN

When I arrived at Vernon Blue Training Centre in February, 1942, in a modest soldier, I was placed in a training platoon with about 60 other civilians who had nothing in common except their age. Our backgrounds, upbringing, interests and educational levels all differed widely. We instructed each other, drilled our officers and NCOs, squabbled and gossiped cheerfully and shared about the parade square in a fashion that must have brought tears of frustration to the eyes of those who were trying to run it.

Miraculously, just two months later we were united. We were united because we had done the impossible. There was a trophy presented for the best-placed platoon in the camp and we had won it against all odds. There is not space enough here to detail the slow process by which, spurred on by a common goal, we gained some pride in ourselves, some sense of purpose and some feeling of comradeship, but by the time the last week arrived we were a determined and homogeneous lot. It was a terrible moment when that platoon broke up, as training platoons must. I saw grown men hugging and sobbing with their tears streaming down their cheeks.

It is the same with nations in with army units. They are united by a generation of common experience — by tradition, by loyalty, by tragedy and by triumph. Most of all, I think they are welded together when they pursue the impossible.

In four invasions over the past century Canadians have planned and achieved the impossible. They achieved it in two world wars, when their contributions were out of all proportion to their population. They achieved it at El Alamei, as all of us now admit with pride. And they achieved it in 1855, when they completed the longest railway in the world against odds that were thought to be overwhelming.

Generally it takes two things to achieve the impossible. First, it takes a crisis or an absolute deadline as in the case of El Alamei, or a threat to the

nation — real, as in the case of war or potential, as in the case of the railway [which was conceived by a private citizen who had no other technological knowledge of an American industrialist]. Secondly, it takes a particular (and often peculiar) kind of national imagination, courage and drive. Men of very special character are required, and if they do not exist they must be imagined, as Van Horne was, or unearthed, as George Stephen was. Their motives will always be mixed. Macdonald's reason for building a railway was also strongly patriotic. He wanted to keep the Conservative party healthy and united in much as he wanted to keep the country healthy and united.

Ego, self-interest, personal gain — all these human motives must be taken into account and, indeed, nurtured. Our platoon was the drill trophy because our officer, Rusty Gospel, sanctioned greedily at the very outset that he intended we would succeed. He had to keep us drilling all night. No doubt he was after personal kudos. It did not really matter, by the time that first week arrived our interests and his were identical.

Why did Van Horne come to Canada? Probably because the CPR doubled before him the largest salary ever paid in North America to a railway executive. But no salary, no matter how generous, could have lured him back over the great wilderness of railroad building was under way. He stayed on at great personal financial risk because it was not in his nature to quit. The solution brought us out towards and, in the process, made a Canadian out of him. George Stephen, a hundreded businessman, could not quit either. It must have been simple for him at the moment of the railroad's greatest crisis, to allow it to go into bankruptcy, pocket a handsome personal

profit and let someone else finish the job that Stephen was prepared to begin himself, if necessary, to keep the CPR alive. As he stood at the time, there was scarcely another capitalist on the continent who would have taken that attitude. But then Stephen — like John Deviser and C. D. Howe — was an intensely enterprising. It is remarkable how often, on our part of the impossible, the right man turns up in the right place at the right time.

In 1851, when the railway was first conceived, the idea of a Canadian nation stretching from sea to sea seemed an impossibility. A century later it seems just as impossible. We face, as we did then, the twin problems of internal diversity and foreign encroachment. And, once again, the first signs rise for a conscious endeavor that will hold us together.

What should that endeavor be? Any number of ambitious projects suggest themselves, all the way from the development of a new Canadian character to a master plan to clean up the lakes and rivers. My own view is that we should tackle an even more difficult task — and in the same way that we did then. In every project two world wars and El Alamei. Surely, the number one priority in Canada today is a massive and carefully thought-out program to repair this country for the use and the benefit of Canadians, both French and English-speaking.

Impossible? No doubt indeed! Perhaps such objectives were used over and over again when the CPR was struggling to be born. Now, as then, one leaves the city. Where will we get the money? Where will we get the men? But history has shown that every time our backs are to the wall, the money has been forthcoming. As for the men, they, too, will be available when the crunch comes, they always have been.

Since 1947 I spent on the horizon we had no great difficulty in discovering new Stephen and Van Horne from both our founding stories. And when next we attempt the impossible — as we must — they will be with us once more, waiting to be conscripted. ■

BY PERRE BERTON

FILMS BY JOHN HOFESS

"Please fasten your seat belts" the Ontario Place Cinemascope attendant shouts through a megaphone. It's a lot of crowd-pleasing guff that's developed to introduce Graeme Ferguson's *North Of Superior*, which has become the most popular Canadian film of 1971. Since Ontario Place opened it has been seen by 500,000 people. "Work Of Superior is also in a new film process called IMAX," the attendant explains. "The curved screen is six stories high, 80 feet wide, and the sound comes from 37 speakers located to the sides, behind and in front of you."

The audience (close to the theatre's capacity of 800) responds with an aggressive buzzing. Many have stood in line outside the theatre on the Toronto waterfront for nearly an hour. Next to them are some 15- to 19-year-olds, very cool, presumably justifiably apparently more interested than most. "Looks like a demand for the fully grown genre," says one, but 18 minutes later when the \$270,000 film had sold out the shipped worth of data before now were stashed.

The brief credit sequence is projected in the space of a 15-mm film (most that we are accustomed to seeing in regular movie theatres) but suddenly, with the thrust of a drum, as if film-maker Ferguson were saying, "Good-bye to all that," the frame expands to embrace projections and everyone in the audience is seated in breath-wrenching immediacy.

North Of Superior picks a lot of exhilarating sensations into its short running time but none more startling than its opening minutes. Barring under the shoreline of Lake Superior, it's a life-flying sequence, dominating the water, narrowly missing the rocks and tides, with a picture so huge that one looks the secure feeling of being a stationary observer due to its effects on our peripheral vision — is enough to make anyone feel somewhat dizzy. The illusion of hurtling through space is immediate and palpable, and even those accustomed to the roller-coaster thrills of Cinemascope and seduction compared to the IMAX experience won't be able to imagine the hypnotic pace. *North Of Superior* induces "The fading of verago is relieved the closer one sits to the centre of Cinemascope."

The film delivers thrills — there's a hard line that makes the hunting of Adams in *Good Will*. The Wind looks like a minor act of union — the way "When demoralization" records and to when they were first introduced — one sees both a vulgar revel in their savagery and a step forward in film-making techniques of great potential. The IMAX process is an important breakthrough. Just as Super-8 is a renaissance in home space on a thousand-level film, allowing for a clearer, larger picture, the IMAX system is a renaissance

series of 70-mm film frames creating an image three times larger. The result is a brilliantly clear, seamless picture requiring only one projector and say film under capable of working with standard 70-mm film and equipment can make a film in the IMAX process for a comparatively small additional cost.

To those who simply like the magic of movies, *North Of Superior* offers a tantalizing glimpse of a new direction for the film medium. There are more great films — *Wild River*, *Philly*, *Solo*, *Drive-By*, *Dead*, *The Grapes* Gang, *Seven*, *Don't Look Back*, *Long*, *Summer* and others — that use little of the medium's potential and use what little they know lovingly and earnestly. The pleasure in seeing Graeme Ferguson's film is similar to the feeling one has in seeing a D. W. Griffith or Sergio Leone film for the first time: there is, from beginning to end of the work, a creative joy de vivre.

Graeme Ferguson is a man who loves movies. In a earlier film, *The Love Goddesses*, he created a witty and insightful history of sex in the cinema. With an unerring eye for the right picture, he turned up *Max*, *Wed*, *Wings*, *They Call It Love*, *Shogun*, *Yash*, *Marlene Dietrich* in a gorilla suit from *Blood Frenzies*, *Elizabeth Taylor* from *A Place In The Sun*, *Rita Hayworth* from *Gilda* and a showstopper *Reinhold*. *Reinhold* — as a blend together with a studios' deal — from *Calvin* to *The Conson*. *The Love Goddesses* is a valuable and durable contribution and would probably be a hard sell if released to a video console. But to Graeme Ferguson, *North Of Superior* is about as interesting as asking to see his baby picture. Then his baby of *North Of Superior* belongs to an era of what he calls "video movies" — designed to be supervised by new film technology. "No delivery plans can be commercial yet," he says, "but a number of Canadian and American film producers have expressed interest in making features in the IMAX process, and by 1973 we expect that there will be at least five theatres similar to Cinemascope in operation that would make feature film production feasible."



GRAEME FERGUSON'S MIRACLE ON LAKE ONTARIO

For example, *Walter Kehr* could have made 2001 *A Space Odyssey* in the IMAX method for negligible additional cost, yet the commercial potential might have been three times as great and the experience, for audiences would have been *intense*. Ferguson doesn't focus other Canadian cities building similar theatres for several years. London, Tokyo, New York, Chicago and Los Angeles are the probable sites for the next five theatres. "A film viewer could produce a feature in IMAX for one or two million dollars," Ferguson says, "but you need fairly large cities to support a long run of one film."

Graeme Ferguson is successfully modest for all his credits in a film maker and therefore doesn't point out that for the price of three or so expensive features by Canadian directors we could already have a feature-length IMAX film of splendid wonder and first-class immersion. An intense entertainment. Anyone who has heard the applause and excited comments of the Cinemascope audience must realize there is no want of public support for the Canadian film.

John Hofess is a prize-winning Canadian film director.

Growing Up Plugged In

By Jon
McKee



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LOTTERIO

MUSIC

BY JOHN MACFARLANE

I have a friend who knows a great deal about music and whose judgments in such matters I have learned to respect, and on a rainy evening about a year ago I was playing Joni Mitchell's third album, *Ladies Of The Canyon*, for him. I had only just bought the album, liked it, and my friend is one of a half-dozen people with whom I look a conspiracy to share my enthusiasms. Something was wrong, though. We were well into Woodstock, the second-to-last cut on the second side and he hadn't said a word. He sat just there, looking at his face behind the album cover only periodically, I noticed, as he reading the lyrics. In fact, he was trying to conceal an embarrassment. After the outrageous bluntp I'd given the album, how could he tell me he hated it without hurting my feelings?

When the record was over we moved on quickly to something else, trying to ignore the moment, but it was still on my mind a few days later. So I asked him: Why didn't you like the music from Mitchell about it played for you the other night? "Because," he replied directly, "I can't stand that achingly-overset little-girl-in-Mother-Gone-with voice of hers."

Or words to that effect. May be I should have discerned to subjective a response — he might just as well have told me he didn't like Gaudin or the film of W. C. Fields — but I thought: Ever since, I haven't been able to listen to Woodstock or Big Yellow Taxi or any of the other songs on this album without fighting back the mental image, perfectly rendered in the style of children's books, of Mother Goose. Let's just say it's taken the edge off my enjoyment of Joni Mitchell.

Oh! I heard Blue, her new album, that is — Blue has brought me back to my senses. Blue has restored my resolve that if circumstances ever force me into another line of work I will try for positive carrying Joni Mitchell's guitar case.

I should explain that Joni Mitchell and I go back a long way together. No one had heard much about her in August 1968 when she blew in on the Primrose for the Mariposa Folk Festival, which I happened to be covering for the *Globe and Mail*. But there was something about this pale, frail folk singer from the West, something about her performance, that reached me. I remember writing about a "willowy Canadian" who "purred lyrical pictures of life on the Prairie. And I got the urge for grief / When the window opens a tapeworm / And summer in Julia's down / And woman's cloud in." I should admit, too, that I was in a receptive mood that August weekend. It was at that Mariposa Folk Festival that I proposed to my wife. Joni Mitchell sang at my engagement.

When I recall that performance, indeed when I recall any of the occasions on which I've heard her sing, it suddenly occurs to me that my friend who doesn't like Joni Mitchell

only hears half of what I hear. Yes, it's true, there is in the way she sings and the songs she writes a little girl wearing a pink-tuffeta party dress and smothering herself in Johnson's baby powder; innocent, naïve, sometimes silly. But there is also — and I suppose this is what I find so utterly fascinating — a woman wearing nothing at all and smiling enigmatic, secretive, worldly, a woman of appetite. The little girl sings high, the woman low, and sometimes, for instance in the song *Michael From Mountains* where her voice falls then rises as the lines go where you tell me in it: *I know that I will know you, the two oceans become heavily one. And on that instant Joni Mitchell is impossibly and all-at-once all the good things that little girls and big girls are made of.*

If her first three albums acquainted us rather more with Joni Mitchell the little girl, Blue (Reprise) reveals more of Joni Mitchell the woman. It is an album of feeling-blue music, at the title implies. It might have been subtitled *Joni Mitchell Sings The Carole-Love-Will-You-Get-It-Love-Nickson-You-Drive*. And if, as I believe, it is her most accomplished album so far, it is a triumph of composition rather than performance. Which isn't to say that her singing leaves anything to be desired — but what makes Blue truly exciting is that it confirms a song writer of promise on the threshold of fulfilment. She has always had a unique sense of melody, but she used to play word games, now, apparently as a nervous habit, she wants to tell us about herself!

From the song *All I Want*: I was on a lonely road and I am travelling / Looking for something, what can it be / Oh, I hate you some. I hate you some. I love you some / Oh I love

you when I forget about me / I want to be alone, I want to laugh alone, I want to belong to love / Alone, alone, I want to get up and go / I want to wreck my sinfulness in some pleasure drive / Do you want — do you want — do you want to dance with me baby? / Do you want to take a chance on maybe finding some sweet resonance with me baby? / Well, come on.

From the song *A Case Of You*: Oh, I am a lonely painter / I live in a haze of paint / I'm frightened by the dark / And I'm down in those ones that ain't afraid / I remember that you told me, you said / "Love is something made" / Well, sorry you reached out / "Cause part of you goes out of me" / Is that love from time to time / Oh, you're in my blood like holy wine / You taste so bitter and so sweet / Oh I could drink a case of you, darling / And I would still be on my feet / And I would still be on my feet.

Now, I ask you: Did Mother Goose ever sound that good to you?

"ALL I WANT," words and music by Joni Mitchell © 1971. Reprinted by permission of the publisher, Scepter Publishing. "A CASE OF YOU," words and music by Joni Mitchell © 1971. Reprinted by permission of the publisher, Scepter Publishing. Copy

Recommended: *Every Picture Tells A Story*, Rod Stewart (Mercury). Rod Stewart has a happy yet sorrowful voice that brings back memories of James Taylor. He sings like Joe Cocker and Elton John. He's very much in the style of the moment's musician made popular mostly by Delaney & Bonnie, Joe Cocker and their respective friends. His latest album is distinguished in its selection and in its hit-or-miss atmosphere. ■

Joni Macfarlane is an associate editor of Maclean's.



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